THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 16. JANUARY, 1805. VOL. III.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON POPULATION.

THERE are many ways of judging of the population and cultivation of any country. One of these is very frequently inferred from the other. As the food of men is generally derived from the earth on which they live, we can form some general notion of the extent to which the ground is cultivated, by knowing the numbers it sustains, and so, conversely, the number of consumers can sometimes be inferred from the quantity of product.

It is difficult, however, to find any sufficient data whereon to build these inferences. It is hard to ascertain, when the number of a people is known, in what proportions the various articles of their provision are distributed, and what proportion the quantity raised within their own territory bears to that which is imported.

One, accustomed to theory and speculation only, sees no difficulty in ascertaining all those circumstances of a country and people, reducible to the head of political economy, not by inference or calculation, but by actual inspection and enumeration. He sees no difficulty, for example, in discovering the number of people in a state; the number of its domestic animals; the number of acres in its territory; the kind and quantity of the products of those acres, by actually measuring and counting them. To him, these are points of so much curiosity, as well as use, that he thinks they would obtain his principal regard, were he the proprietor or governor of a state, and is consequently greatly astonished at the stupidity or indolence of those actual governors or proprietors, by whom these points are overlooked or slighted.

When he observes that four centuries of power, wealth, civilization, and social order were suffered to pass away, before the government of England could prevail upon itself to make an actual numeration of the people, his surprize at national indolence is increased, or he begins to imagine that possibly there may be greater obstacles to the settlement of these important questions in practice, than there appear to be in speculation. And yet the number-

ing of the people in Great Britain, as well as in the American states, was found, in fact, to be no such tedious, expensive, or arduous undertaking.

Though there are half a score of other points about which political economists are anxious to be informed, the number of human heads seems to be the only point which the government of these two countries have thought worth their attention. A project for numbering the *domestic animals* within the country would probably be laughed at by politicians. There are, however, several things to be said in justification of his curiosity, by one who is inquisitive on this head.

In the first place, as animal existence is necessarily connected with happiness or misery, it is not unworthy of a benevolent mind to regard the *human* population of a country, not merely as it is connected with trade, taxation, or defence, but as it shows the amount of happiness or misery that exists within a given space; so, as the lower animals are likewise susceptible of happiness and misery, though of a different kind, and, perhaps, in a less degree than men, *their* number and condition may reasonably be thought to deserve, on that account, some regard.

Secondly, as the lower animals are suffered to exist and multiply in a domestic state, merely as they are subservient to the subsistence, convenience, or pleasure of man, the knowledge of their number and condition is necessary to the knowledge of the manners and condition of the human population. They form a most important article in the sum of the wealth, the traffic, the enjoyment of the whole society.

Thirdly, as men are employed to clothe as well as to feed themselves, and as a part of the labour bestowed upon the culture of the ground, is employed to raise food immediately for those lower animals, the number and condition of these animals is necessary to be known, in order to enable ourselves to know to what extent, and in what mode, the earth is cultivated.

There is likewise another view in which a speculative mind may be permitted to place this subject..... The number of a people is proportioned to the quantity of food raised from their own ground, or consumed among them: the earth produces, in the same space, different quantities of different kinds of food, and the same portion of ground maintains a less or greater number of people, according to the kind of product that is raised from it, and according as that product is applied *immediately* to our subsistence, as bread, or *mediately*, as flesh. The population is likewise proportioned to the degree in which the products of cultivation are applied to the support of quadrupeds, whose flesh is employed as food: this proportion is less, as the quantity of this product given to animals we do not eat is greater: this proportion is greater, as the quantity given to such animals is less.

Now it is not unnatural for such minds to dwell upon these proportions, and to make the actual state of things, in this respect, one criterion among others of the civilization of a people. As there is more happiness, more wealth, more power, among a hundred intelligent beings than among ten, all other circumstances being equal, he is apt to conclude, that where there are two countries of equal extent and cultivation, *that* has greatly the advantage of the other, in every moral and political view, which supports the greatest number of men and women.

He, indeed, is generally inclined to maintain, that the more numerous nation has necessarily the advantage of the other, not only in point of number, but as to individual health, integrity, and comfort; that vegetable products, eaten in their simple state, not only maintain a greater number of people, but maintain them more easily and wholesomely, than when they are previously transmuted into the flesh of sheep and kine, or into certain fiery liquids called

beer or gin. He will, at least, be very positive in thinking, that people who apply their products to the maintenance of mankind, directly or indirectly, in the form of bread or of flesh, wiser than their neighbours who apply the same products to the support of quadrupeds, whose flesh is never eaten.

If such a one takes a survey of Great Britain, for example, one of the greatest and most enlightened nations in the world, he finds a very large portion of the surface under cultivation. The labour of men is continually employed to raise from it some kind of vegetable product. There is, indeed, a very large proportion, about one third, of the surface which is wholly desolate, though it be just as capable of culture as the rest; but, without enquiring into the cause of this strange abuse of territory, or computing the increase of wealth, power, and numbers which would flow from reducing this neglected space into the same condition with the rest, his eye passes on to the rolls of population. Here he finds the number of human beings about ten millions. Comparing this number with fifty millions of cultivated acres, he finds that there are five cultivated acres to one person.

He is well aware, however, that these five acres are by no means appropriated to raising bread for one man; that, on the contrary, there are a vast number of other animals which share with man the product of these fifty millions of acres. His curiosity pursuing this subject, soon discovers that there are three kinds of animals supported by the national industry, who either live in total idleness, or who contribute to the service of mankind in other ways than as food. These are cats, dogs, and horses.

The British government never deigned to make an actual enumeration of these animals; but, in consequence of a resolution to extract a revenue from them, enquiries were made and estimates formed, rather below than above the truth. These calculations gave, in 1800, about 750,000 cats, 2,000,000 of dogs, 2,250,000 of horses; in all 5,000,000 of individuals, or half the whole number of human beings.

Of those animals who contribute to human accommodation by their milk, flesh, skin, or hair, the principal are sheep, kine, and swine.

Of sheep, the number usually computed is 20,000,000; of kine about 5,000,000; and of hogs about 10,000,000.

The cultivation, therefore, of Great Britain supports a population of 10,000,000 of *men;* but, in reality, it maintains 50,000,000 of considerable animals, including men. Now some of these animals are much more considerable in bulk than man, and require a much greater quantity of subsistence..... They all either consume the same kind of food which is proper to the human animal, or they subsist upon the product of ground, capable of producing food proper to man.

When a stranger is informed that the population of that small island amounts to fifty millions of *persons*, he is astonished at the number, and proceeds to build large inferences as to the power and felicity of a community so numerous. But how are his feelings and notions changed when he is informed that, by the caprice of custom, only one fifth of this number are men, and that the rest are four-footed beasts, irrational and mute.

When he enquires into the motives of the people for dividing their subsistence with so large a number of the lower animals, and the uses of swine, sheep, and cattle are pointed out to him, his disapprobation, though not wholly removed, will be somewhat lessened; but when horses are described, and he is told that they are never used as food, but merely to drag or to carry men and commodities from place to place, to swell idle pomp and parade, or to furnish amusement to the rich, his astonishment will be raised to a high pitch.

All the parts of every human sq

ciety, in its actual state, hang together by innumerable links and ligatures. Many things are deemed, upon one view, useless and pernicious, which, upon a more accurate and comprehensive observation, will often be found inseparable and essential. It would not be an unamusing, nor, perhaps, an unprofitable, task to weigh accurately the present constitution of almost all human societies, by which the existence of domestic animals is not merely tolerated, but deemed indispensible to the general welfare. Whether all the domestic animals that are at present reared and fostered in Great Britain, for example, or some one class of them, might not be entirely dispensed with, and what effect the total extirpation would have on human felicity, are problems not unworthy the attention of inquisitive minds.

Whatever solution these problems should receive from a hundred or a million of enquirers, the state of things will doubtless remain the same; but surely there is some advantage in seeing every object in its proper light. The conduct of others is seldom influenced by our opinion of its rectitude, but to form just opinions of the conduct of others is, at least, to enlighten ourselves, to augment our own stock of truth, and lessen our own stock of error.

For the Literary Magazine.

ROMANCES.

A TALE, agreeable to truth and nature, or, more properly speaking, agreeable to *our own* conceptions of truth and nature, may be long, but cannot be tedious. Cleopatra and Cassandra by no means referred to an ideal world; they referred to the manners and habits of the age in which they were written; names and general incidents only were taken from the age and history of Alexander and Cæsar. In that age, therefore, they were not tedious, but the more delighted was the reader the longer the banquet was protracted. In after times, when taste and manners were changed, the tale became tedious, because it was deemed unnatural and absurd, and it would have been condemned as tedious, and treated with neglect, whether it filled ten pages or ten volumes.

Cleopatra and Cassandra are no greater violations of historical veracity and probability, and no more drawn from an ideal world, than Johnson's Rasselas, Hawkesworth's Almoran and Hamet, or Fenelon's Telemachus. In all these, names and incidents, and some machinery, are taken from a remote age and nation, but the manners and sentiments are modelled upon those of the age in which the works were written, as those of the Scuderis were fashioned upon the habits of their own age. The present unpopularity of the romances of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is not owing to the satires of Cervantes or of Boileau, but to the gradual revolution of human manners and national taste.

The "*Arabian Nights*" delight us in childhood, and so do the chivalrous romances; but, in riper age, if enlightened by education, we despise what we formerly revered. Individuals, whose minds have been uncultivated, continue still their attachment to those marvellous stories. And yet, must it not be ascribed rather to change of manners than to any other cause, that we neglect and disrelish works which gave infinite delight to sir Philip Sidney, sir Walter Raleigh, and sir Thomas More, to Sully and Daubigne: men whose knowledge of Augustan models, and delight in them, was never exceeded, and the general vigour and capacity of whose minds has never been surpassed.

The works that suited former ages are now exploded by us. The works that are now produced, and which accommodate themselves to our habits and taste, would have been utterly neglected by our an-

cestors: and what is there to hinder the belief, that they, in their turn, will fall into oblivion and contempt at some future time. We naturally conceive our own habits and opinions the standard of rectitude; but their rectitude, admitting our claim to be just, will not hinder them from giving way to others, and being exploded in their turn.

For the Literary Magazine.

A CONVERSATION UPON EGYPT.

An original letter.

Christeen, August 4, 1784.

I HAVE little, as yet, to tell you, my dear friend, but that, after a tedious passage of two days, I have at last reached this place, and found what I came in search of. I was never here before, and have not been here long enough to form any notion of the place and its inhabitants. The incidents of my little voyage were not worth relating to you, who have made such voyages so often, yet most of them were new, and therefore interesting, to me. Perhaps I cannot amuse you better, or while away more effectually this sultry afternoon, than by repeating a little conversation which took place between some of my fellow passengers.

We sat together on the quarter-deck, shaded by the main-sail, as we were towed up the innumerable windings of this dirty stream. A careless, jolly fellow observed, that this creek strongly reminded him of the Nile, which, he said, was just such a river as this.

The Nile! exclaimed the fat skipper; where's that?

It's in Egypt, says the other: 'twas in Egypt when I was there.

When you was there? said an Irish innkeeper, of this village: if it was once there, I suppose it is always there.

There you're out, replied the traveller. It's a damned strange thing, I must own: but they told me there ....the French consul at Alexandry told me....I lived with him while I staid at Alexandry....he told me damned strange things though, I tell you before hand; that this river goes away every winter into the moon, into a damned high mountain there, and then comes down again after a while....the consul told me.... rattling and splashing at a devil of a rate, rolling along mud and crocodiles.

This information was followed with a deep pause. At length the skipper said, Come, come, Mr. Ellis, that won't do. You are boring us.

The traveller affirmed, with an oath, that he was serious; that the French consul and many others told him so.

What, said the skipper, the channel, I suppose, then, is dry in the winter season.

Dry as this deck, said the traveller. The consul told me so. A beaten road; nobody can tell it from the fields; rather dustier, that's all.

Egypt! Egypt! resumed the skipper: why it an't the place we read of in the Bible is it? where Joseph, and Pharaoh, and Potiphar and them was; and where the Jews passed over the Red Sea without wetting their shoes.

The very same, like enough, said the traveller, but dam'me if I know. Perhaps the Red Sea was like the river, and the Jews went over when it happened to be dry: but I can't say positive as to that, for I never heard of the Red Sea when I was there; so perhaps it's not the same as the Bible makes mention. But I'll tell you what's stranger still: when the river comes back, it overflows all the land, and then they always plough and sow, when the water's on it, three or four feet deep. I've seen them at it: the men up to their middles, and the oxen up to their bellies.

But how can they sow in the water? how does the seed get to the ground?

Sinks to be sure, how should it else?

I know Egypt well enough, said the innkeeper. I had a full brother there seven years. When he came back, he used to tell us such odd comical stories. By the mass, I never believed half of them: yet brother Pat was an honest soul, and never told a lie, but when he was in liquor, and that was not oftentimes; not more than once a week, or thereaway, and then he was damned drunk, that's the truth on't.

Pray, interrupted I, what did Pat say about Egypt?

Why, he said they were all no better than Mihummetans in that country; people that worship the new moon. They put it a-top of all their churches.

Put the new moon a-top of all their churches! said the astonished skipper.

Pshaw! said the traveller, that's a lie, for I remember there was no such thing on the steeples that I saw, and many is the good time I have seen their churches; aye, and been in them too. When I was there, I never saw the new moon, or the old one either, any where else but in the sky, not I.

I don't mean the new moon, its own self, said the innkeeper, but a *statute* of the new moon, as I take it.

That's flat idolatry, says a little demure personage, in grey clothes; for the scriptur says, thou shalt not worship any thing in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath: now the moon, you can't deny, is a thing in heaven: now to make a graven image of the moon, why that's a profane idol; why that's to be no better than a heathen, dy'e see me.

Aye, resumed the innkeeper, and what's worse than all that, they've no pews in their churches. So, Pat says, he heard say, for he did not see it himself. Becase why? why becase they won't let no christian go into their churches. If he goes in, what do they do? says I to Pat. Why, says he, they take and sacrifice him to the new moon, he says.

Why, said the demure personage, if a man goes into a such like place, 'tis my belief he's an idolater. He's no conscientious christian. The scriptur says, who can touch pitch and not be defiled?

And then, too, continued the innkeeper, they never rings no bells to call people to church, but the clargyman goes to the top of the steeple and calls out to the people to come, and then they takes and goes: and then, too, what's oddest of all, they keep Sundays on Fridays. And they call the Bible the *Go run*.

Why that, says the man in grey, is worst of all, to keep Sundays on Fridays. Why they're no better, as a body may say, than a parcel of sabbath-breakers. God forbid I should be uncharitable, but it's my belief that no good can come of such doings. The scriptur saith.....

As to that, interrupted the traveller, you may think as you please, to be sure, Mr. Elmslie, but my notion is, that all days is alike.

This declaration aroused the zeal of Mr. Elmslie, and he set himself in the *hold forth* attitude immediately. The traveller continued: I'll bet you a bowl of jorum (here, Tom, bring us another bottle, you dog, and some sugar); I'll prove it you as plain as the nose in your face.

I lays no wagers, says the theologian; I am for plain downright arguing, dy'e see, from scriptur..... Mark that: I sticks to scriptur.

Being anxious to hear the innkeeper repeat a little more of his brother Pat's account of Egypt, I here interfered between the disputants with....Pray, gentlemen, let us have the jorum first, and this weighty matter may be settled afterwards. Meanwhile, let us have more of Mr. M'Dowal's account of Egypt.

Why, says M'Dowal, I don't know as how as I remember much more of what Pat told us....Aye! he said, that every man there has a dozen wives; that women never go to market, a shopping, nor a gossip-

ing as they do in christian countries, because the men are affeared they'll run off: so they keeps them locked up all their lives, and they don't go nowhere's; not even to church.

Mr. Elmslie heaved a deep sigh....

And then there's a sort of people there, Pat said; he called them *mammy looks*, that are always on horseback, and they are great lords, and they do what they please among the people. They never go out but they cut off the heads of somebody, especially christians. If one of them there *mammy looks* meets a christian, why he'll cut him down with his broad sword as soon as look at him....Sarvice to you, gentlemen, putting the jorum to his lips. Pat says, they makes no more of drinking the blood of us christians, than I do this jorum.

Here Mr. Elmslie's devout exclamations awakened the disputatious zeal of the traveller, and the talk was turned upon the equality between the value of a christian's life with that of a Jew's or a pagan's. I shall not follow them in this digression, but end here, with the ending of my paper. So, adieu. H. L.

For the Literary Magazine.

FALSE PREJUDICE AGAINST MUSIC.

He that hath not music in his soul
Is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE doctrine of sounds is a study against which no conscience can revolt, because it is the attribute of man to enquire into the causes of things, and he is wont to consider it as the best evidence of his not abusing the faculties bestowed on him by his bountiful Creator. Our enquiries on this head have taught us, that sounds are produced on the organs of hearing by *vibration*, and therefore the drum of the ear is analogous to the instrument whence it is named. The effect of vibration is beautifully exemplified in the reverberation of an echo, and in the lessening tones of a bell after being struck.

The science of harmony is founded upon the number and regularity of the vibrations in strings of different lengths and thicknesses; a short thick piece of metal being struck, vibrates with amazing rapidity, while one of the same length but less thickness has a slower motion in proportion as it is extended with less force. Two strings of equal length and thickness, being extended with unequal power, produce an unpleasant sensation on the organ of hearing; but if the two are equally tightened, the effect is agreeable, because an equal *number* of vibrations is produced by each string in the same period of time; the *tone* is the same, because the two strings, of equal thickness, strike the air with equal force. Strings of different sizes and lengths, although producing different tones, and an unequal number of vibrations, nevertheless harmonize together, when the *number* and *force* of the vibrations proceed in regular proportions, and occur in regular periods. The art of forming instruments to produce harmonious sounds, depends upon this extensive variety of vibrations, requiring to produce them a succession of strings, gradually encreasing in length and thickness. In a pianoforte the length of the smallest string is only a few inches, while that of the longest extends to six feet.

Can it be more offensive to the conscience of a good man that he should hear two strings, vibrating thus regularly, and in unison, than to hear them vibrating irregularly, thereby producing discord? If it is, to be consistent with himself, he should delight in the clashing of shovel and tongs, and the confusion of tongues; if married, he should prefer the sounds of discontent to the sweetest accordance of sentiment, and should seek occasions to procure from his children an eternal succession of squalling, whining, and screaming. Who is he that is

offended with echo, who quarrels with the birds, because they sing, and hates to hear an infant laugh? Let me avoid his path. Yet, if he does no harm, O pity this sad disease of his mind, and seek him next in bedlam.

The fact is, that all good men, provided they are in health, love music; and it is only the prejudice of an illiberal education which induces them to affect a disapprobation of it. I have seen such as these, when they have thought themselves unseen, listening with rapture to the strains of harmony, and at the moment their consciences have acquitted them of harm.

Music may not be a necessary of life, but it is an innocent sensation of it; it may not do much good, but it can do no harm; it may be a little expensive, but it is not so much so, as the skirts to our coats, as fur hats instead of leather ones, as carpets, mahogany tables, silver spoons, carriages, and extensive houses. But when this music is produced at the expence of others, surely it is cheap enough to hear, and reasonable enough to be pleasing.

Music, the knowledge of which I forbear to call an accomplishment, since the term is in bad repute, but which I would call the divine restorer and harmonizer of the soul, is a talent in its practice spreading more delight than almost any other, and a delight unfelt by the bosom which at the time harbours aught of inhumanity. The only objection of any weight comes from the rigid economist of time; yet of him I would ask, are there to be no moments of relaxation? Must the bow be always bent? The harmless tenants of the grove, between their intervals of labour, in the search for food, exult in notes of joy, which excite the sympathy of all animated nature. And shall man alone persist in his sullen misery, nor dare to express one note of pleasure, one gay effusion of gratitude?

While we are disposed to excuse the visionary objections which are inherited from our forefathers, whose piety was incensed at the association of music with the rites of superstition, as it would be madness to prefer pain to pleasure, deformity to beauty, so should it be not to love harmony, at least as much as we abhor discord. If the frenzy of Saul was assuaged by the harp of David, many an evil-brooding brain has been harmonized by music's thrilling chords, and the savage breast been taught to vibrate in concert with its companions of humanity; for it is a sentiment taught by universal experience, that

"He that hath not music in his soul
Is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil."

VERITAS.

For the Literary Magazine.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Continued.

SUCH were my sensations at this time; such were the thoughts that passed through my brain. But to proceed. Notwithstanding the appearance of the mendicant denoted extreme misery, not a hand was extended for his relief. Whether my companions thought him an unworthy object, or whether each waited for the other to set an example which he was willing to follow, I know not; however, he received nothing from any of the company. I pitied him sincerely, and would have most cheerfully contributed to his relief; but such was the force of example, that I was ashamed to be the first to begin, and the poor man was obliged to retire, bare and pennyless as he came. Even while pity pleaded in his behalf, my heart felt the impulse of benevolence, and my mind acknowledged the justice of his claim, yet, for want of an example, did my hand refuse to obey their direction.

Nor do I believe my case is an

unique one. I believe many, nay perhaps the majority of men, would have acted the same part, in my situation. I believe they too would have suffered their judgment to be swayed by the conduct of others, for man seems disinclined to act in opposition to his company, particularly where his interest is not materially concerned; he fears, in cases like mine, he may be supposed to wish to impress the minds of his company with a high idea of his benevolence, and his modesty shrinks from the apparent assumption of superior virtue. Yet I ought to have acted independently; I ought to have obeyed the impulse of charity, listened to the tale of woe, and contributed to its relief. But I acted otherwise; truth obliges me to relate that, which pride and self-love would conceal, and candour requires that, while commenting on the errors of others, I should not conceal my own.

Alas! poor human nature! how dost thou err, even in spite of conviction! What art thou, O man, that thou pridest thyself on thy superior powers? why dost thou say to thyself, "Behold, I am wise, and gifted with understanding;" when thy judgment can be swayed or overruled by the dread of singularity; and the noblest gift of Heaven wrought upon like yielding wax, liable alike to bear the stamp of folly and the impression of wisdom?

Yet such is man; such he has always been, and such he will probably remain. Example is the sceptre by which he may be swayed; by this he may be led to the commission of deeds, which would otherwise never, perhaps, entered his imagination. This will rouse his slumbering courage, and tempt him to brave the dangers of the battle, the fatigues of a camp, and all the accumulated miseries of war; this will induce him to fly like a coward from the conflict, when the liberty of his country, its laws, and religion, are in danger of being overturned; when his property, his family, his all, depend upon his valour, it will make him leave the foe to trample on those fields, moistened with the blood of his ancestors, and gained by their valour. It will open his purse at the call of humanity, or restrain the noblest movements of a generous mind and a susceptible heart. It will induce him to sacrifice even his interest at its altar, and draw forth that fund, which should cheer him in the day of adversity, to be applied to those purposes which folly and fashion may direct, even in despite of the claims of justice, the dictates of judgment, or the suggestions of prudence.

Can it be supposed that, in a numerous army, there should be none who, in the hour of danger, would rather fly than face the foe? Can they all be actuated by a love of their country, or a sense of the perils which hang impending over it? No: it is example, it is the dread of shame, of disgrace, and infamy, which actuates many; how gladly would they retire, were it not for these powerful motives, and intrust the welfare of their country to fortune, accident, or Providence.

Nor, when an army flies before another of inferior strength, should we brand all its members with the name of cowards; a few defective men may infect numbers with the same timidity by which they are actuated: fear, like courage, is supported and spread by example..... Many are the examples of this kind which history affords, and many have been the expedients which brave and prudent commanders have resorted to, to counteract its destructive effects; they have sent those who pleased back from the field of action to the camp, for those things which they might have forgotten, thereby freeing the army of its most dangerous members. When a whole regiment of —— militia retreated early in an engagement during our revolutionary war, general —— gave out that they were ordered to retreat, and thereby prevented the remainder of the army from flying before an enemy no stronger than himself. Recollection and

reading will afford many instances of similar conduct, and the consequences evince how well these men understood the human heart, and the secret causes by which its motions are stimulated and directed.

VALVERDI.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. IV.

QUOTATIONS.

I NEVER read a work overloaded with quotations, without being forcibly reminded of the severe remark of Young—

To patchwork learn'd quotations are allied,
Both show alike our poverty and pride.

Several writers have remarked and reproved the practice, but small wits, to whom only such observations are applicable, are still incorrigible. A writer who pours the vein of his satire on them, says they are as proud of exhibiting verses from Horace and Virgil, as a schoolboy after Christmas of repeating *Propria quæ maribus.*

The only praise to which a good quoter can aspire is that of having a retentive memory; and not even that in a great degree, for books are now, thanks to modern literary pursuits, so well provided with indices and notes, that parallel passages may be found without much difficulty. To show with what ease a letter might be interspersed with quotations, Melmoth wrote to his friend:

——But will you come and see me? No;

Business must be dispatch'd ere thou canst go;
Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule and many a cart.

Indeed I am very dull without you, notwithstanding the gay season is approaching.

Omnia nunc rident, at si formosus Alexis
Albeat his montibus, videas et flumina sicca.

When thou art from me every place is desart,
And I methinks am savage and forlorn.
The tedious hours move heavily away,
And each long minute seems a lazy day.

But the case is very different with me when I enjoy your company, my friend! and I may say, with Dryden,

Winds murmur'd thro' the leaves your short delay,
And fountains o'er their pebbles chid your stay,
But, with your presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And walks wear fresher greens at your return.

I am sorry that Mrs. —— behaves so strangely on her son's marriage, but one may ask, in the words of Virgil,

Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.

Yet she might have been warned by many unhappy examples of her conduct:

Now ponder well, ye parents dear, &c.

But mothers-in-law seldom consider any thing except their own interest; and Ovid's observation is often too true:

Lurida terribiles miscent aconita novercæ.

It is strange that those who have children by a first marriage should venture on a second; for marriage is always a lottery: not that

——I would blemish all the fair;
But yet if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware,
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the snare.

I should be glad if you would tell me what the world is doing, now and then. We hear nothing in this solitary part,

Save when arrives the weekly caravan,
With news of human kind.

But the master of the caravan is now dead, and we are very badly off. Poor wight!

——He did most plainly prove,
He could no longer live, than he could move.

O fortunate puer! tu nunc eris alter ab illo.

I am perfectly well at present, not even a head-ache to complain of!

Meus sana in corpore sano.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Vale, memor nostri!

—

DUELLING.

The point of *honour*, or duelling, is a modern invention, as well as gallantry; and by some esteemed equally useful in the refinement of manners: but how it has contributed to that effect I am at a loss to determine. Conversation, among the greatest rustics, is not commonly infested with such rudeness as can give occasion to duels, even according to the most refined laws of this fantastic honour; and, as to the other small indecencies, which are the most offensive, because the most frequent, they can never be cured by the practice of duelling. But these notions are not only *useless*, they are also *pernicious*. By separating the man of honour from the man of virtue, the greatest profligates have got something to value themselves upon, and have been able to keep themselves in countenance, though guilty of the most shameful and most dangerous vices. They are debauchees, spendthrifts, and never pay a farthing they owe. But they are men of honour; and therefore are to be received as gentlemen in all companies.

—

THE HENRIADE.

I believe the French have few works which they value so highly as the Henriade. The extravagant praises which have been lavished upon it by the king of Prussia, M. Marmontel, and Cocchi, have induced me to read it. I need scarcely add, how amply my trouble was compensated. What, asks the last of these panegyrists, can be more interesting than to see a rebellion stifled, the legitimate heir of a throne combating in support of his title, obliged even to besiege his rebellious capital, and yet displaying in all his actions the enterprize, the valour, the prudence, and the generosity of a hero. It is true, that in his poem Voltaire has taken some slight liberties with historical facts; but, notwithstanding these events are recent and notorious, still the ingenuity of the poet has given them such an appearance of probability, that their deviation from the strict line of truth ought not to be regarded by a reader accustomed to consider a poem only as an imitation of nature, and composed of ingenious fictions.

All the praises which a writer merits for a judicious choice of subject are due to Voltaire. He relates the ever-memorable massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the murder of the third Henry, the dreadful battle of Ivry, and the famine of Paris: events which are no less extraordinary and terrible than they are true; and they are all represented with such admirable skill, that they excite in the spectator the alternate emotions of horror and compassion.

The number of actors in the Henriade is not very great, but they are remarkable in their places, and their manners are painted with a discriminating pencil.

But the hero, Henry IV, is distinguished by the variety of traits which form his character. We behold valour and prudence, humanity and love, continually striving to gain an ascendancy, and yet all uniting to promote his glory.

His intimate friend, Mornai, is a rare character: he is a learned philosopher, a valiant soldier, a prudent and good man.

The invisible beings, without whose assistance no poet would dare to undertake a poem, are well managed, and not altogether incredible. Such, for instance, are the ghost of St. Louis and some personifications of the human passions; yet the author has invoked their assistance so seldom, and with so much judgment, that we always see they are allegories.

In observing how this poem always sustains its dignity, without being crowded with supernatural and omnipotent agents, I have been confirmed in an opinion, which I have frequently maintained, that the places and occupations of these invisible beings might be supplied by real actors, as in tragedy, without any loss to epic poetry. This remark may be justified by the examples of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and Milton, in whose works we shall find that the most admired parts are not those in which we are addressed by the gods, the devils, the fates, and the ghosts: on the contrary, all this excites our ridicule, without producing in the heart those sympathetic sentiments which we feel at the representation of a noble action, proportionate to the capacity of man, and which is not beyond the regions of probability. It is for this reason that I admire the judgment of the poet, who, in order to confine this fiction within the bounds of truth and the human faculties, has conveyed his hero to heaven and to hell in a dream, as in a vision all these things may appear very natural, and are credible.

Upon the constitution of the universe and the laws of nature, on morals, and on the ideas which we have of virtue and vice, of good and evil, Voltaire has written with so much force and elegance, that we are almost inclined to ascribe to him the knowledge of a superior being, intimately acquainted with all that is rational in the system of modern philosophy. He invokes all science to his aid, in order to inspire a general philanthropy, and a detestation of cruelty and fanaticism, throughout human nature. Equally the enemy of irreligion, he has, in the disputes which depend upon revelation, and which, therefore, cannot be determined by human reason, modestly, and yet decisively, given the preference to the Roman doctrine, many of the obscurities of which his pen has illuminated.

In order to criticise his style, it would be necessary to understand the full force and the nice discriminations of his language: a knowledge which is almost impossible to be attained by a stranger, but without which we cannot fully appreciate the purity of his diction. All that I will say of it is, that his verse appears easy and harmonious to the ear, and that in the poem I have found little puerile, little lame, and but few false sentiments, from which faults the best poets are not exempted. We find them sometimes, but rarely, in Homer and Virgil. I have often thought I discovered strong marks of resemblance with the Iliad, but I have also found an infinite number of beauties which belong only to the Henriade. Such are, for example, the excellent allegory in the fifth canto, where he relates the lamentable death of Henry III, and his noble reflections on his execrable assassin. There is also some novelty in the ingenious contemplations on future punishments. A single line gives us more insight into the character of the

amiable MORNAI, than we could derive from whole pages of ordinary writers:

"He fought without wishing to kill any one."

The death of the gallant young D'Ailly, killed by his own father, who did not know him, is told with such pathos, that I could scarcely refrain from tears when I read it. There is a similar incident in Tasso, but that of Voltaire, being related with greater elegance, appears equally new, and is more sublime.

His verses upon friendship are irresistably beautiful, and he has scarcely equalled them, unless it be in his description of the modest d'Estrées.

In this poem are dispersed a thousand beauties, which evince its author to have been born with an exquisite taste, which he has increased by an indefatigable study of all kinds of science.

The difficulties which he had to surmount are almost innumerable. He had the prejudice of all Europe, and especially of his own countrymen, who believed that an epic poem could not be written in the French tongue; he was intimidated by the sad example of many who had miserably failed in this glorious task; and he had yet to encounter the superstitious veneration of the learned for Homer and Virgil..... With all this he had a constitution so feeble and delicate, that any other, not so desirous of his own reputation, and the honour of his nation, would have been entirely deterred from undertaking any literary labour. But the genius of Voltaire rose superior to all these impediments. He showed to the world that his language would support an an epic; he taught his unsuccessful contemporaries that it was their want of genius which prevented their success; he convinced the admirers of Homer and Virgil that epic poetry was not confined to ancient times.

THE FEMALE SEX.

The benevolent author of the universe, consulting only the happiness of his creatures, has appointed various means to promote the sweet union of love. Probably for this reason alone he constituted a difference of sexes. And what has he not done for the female of our own species to make her amiable in our eyes?

All the soft and winning graces, the sweet smiles of winning beauty, the obedient blush of modesty, the charming fears of dependent weakness, and the tender apprehensions of the feeling heart, are for this purpose appropriated to that lovely sex. By what fine proportions, what nicely moulded features, what expressive eyes, what delicate complexions, are many of them distinguished! Many of them, whose beauty is their least praise: for theirs are the finer ornaments of the mind, sense embellished and humanised by a habitual softness of manners, and knowledge collected from the labours of the muses. Theirs is the practice of every moral and social duty. All the virtues that are founded in the sensibility of the heart are eminently theirs. Pity, the attribute of angels, and friendship, the balm of life, delight to dwell in the female breast. What a forlorn, what a savage creature would man be without the meliorating offices of the gentle sex! How much are his mind and manners refined by the delicate passion of love! Is it not for the fair object of his affections that he cultivates all the embellishing and elegant graces? Does he not imitate her polished manners, and acquire, as it were by sympathy, her tender and delicate sentiments? After the endearing union of their loves and interests, when mutual confidence has removed every apprehension, what are the pleasures he may not enjoy? How are his cares softened, his prospects brightened, his delights enhanced by communication! How ungrateful,

then, should he reproach that sex, from which he derives so great a portion of virtue and true felicity!

—

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

I beg my fair readers not to shrink from this unpromising title. I mean only to introduce to them an ancient critic, with whom I think the generality of them are unacquainted. His book is entitled "A comparison of the different worthiness of those great poets, Sternhold and Hopkins, by a learned Clerk."

"It hath full sorely grieved me," says the learned clerk, "that the name of Thomas Sternhold should stand before the name of John Hopkins in the book of psalmody; for I professe master Hopkins maketh much pleasanter melodie.

"Psalm XXX. The followinge verses runne marvellous smoothe and lightely from the toungue.

"What gain is in my blood, said I,
If death destroy my days?
Can dust declare thy majesty,
Or give thy truth its praise?

"Master Hopkins understoode the daintie arte of making his lines sound like his meaning, as appeareth from his forcing the voice to sound forth *ing*, in the word sounding, as followeth:

"With ten-string'd instrument sound*ing*, &c.

"There is, moreover, maney times a daintie simpleness, and eke a tendernesse of his expression, as in psalm XXXV.

"As they had been my brethren dear, &c.

"He interrogateth with good rhetorique and cleane language.

"What, is his goodnesse quite decay'd? &c.

"He was most covetous of the words *stout* and *strong*, which thing testyfyeth his judgemente, for these words bee exceedinge poeticalle.

"But I am most delighted with his XLVI psalm, where some of the verses are to be admired as the beautie of all poetrie.

"Master Sternhold was not so wise, forasmuch as he was full often vulgareley low. And he calleth upon God to get up, as if he might be the chamberlain, as in psalm XLIV, Up, Lord, &c. And he presenteth the Almightie as if he were smoking a pipe, as psalm XVIII. And he maketh him ride upon the backs of cherubim, as tho' he could not walk.

"On cherubim and cherubim,
Full royally he rode."

These remarks are copied promiscuously from different parts of the work. The critic very faithfully cites the original, but I had not time to copy the devout but absurd psalmody of Masterres Sternhold and Hopkins.

—

NOVELS.

The forms of nature being infinitely diversified, afford an inexhaustible fund for the imitative arts; and, as long as those who practice these arts, whether painters or poets, select their objects with taste, and copy them with fidelity, the world will never cease to be delighted with their productions. Poetry, in particular, though its clothing may vary, will, in its essential characters, ever remain the same, and will always continue to be a source of elegant pleasure; and under the general term, poetry, we comprehend, with the ancient critics, all those literary productions, in which fancy collects, judgment combines, and taste expresses in suitable language, images furnished by Nature, whether the expression be subjected to the artificial restrictions of metre.

The modern novel well executed, possessing the essential characters

of poetry, perhaps even more perfectly than the ancient romance, certainly deserves a place among the works of genius; nor ought the multiplicity of insignificant or contemptible pieces, which are poured forth under this title, to preclude from notice such as possess superior merit. This circumstance rather furnishes a reason for taking some pains to bring them forward from the promiscuous crowd, in which they first appear, and to give them that distinction, to which, in every path of literature, genius is entitled.

—

The preface to a poem, which I have just read, says that the work contains "a SIMPLE, perhaps a FOOLISH story; the author will not contradict him." My readers will no doubt rejoice to have this privilege, and, in order to enjoy it, I offer them a specimen of the style.

The heroine of the piece is violently smitten with a gay officer, whom she meets at a country ball. The *next morning*, her cross uncle finds her at a breakfast table in tears, till at length

———The clock strikes ten,
The hall re-echoes with a double rap.
John enters to announce the guest. Who comes?
An officer enquires for Ophelia,
The gentleman she danc'd with, and he hopes
She finds no inconvenience from the ball.
————With a smile
She welcom'd her gay spark, she shook her head,
And introduced him, &c.

My readers would not thank me if I were to detain them in order to relate, how her uncle, provoked at her perverseness, "hasting to his desk, with bills and draughts paid all her fortune to the utmost doit, with which she hastens to her *unknown* officer; how he pockets the *bills and draughts*, and coolly advises her to return to her guardian, saying, the *bills* were freely given, and they are mine." And yet there is some good poetry in the book....so unequal is genius!

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VISITOR.

NO. I.

Quis novus hic hospes?

THE attentive observer of human life has often remarked the avidity with which men pursue any favourite object, without reflecting on their capacity for, or the propriety of it. Guided by the impulse of the moment, and led away by vanity, men often in imagination perform undertakings which the attempt to realize proves they were incompetent to. This possibly will be the opinion the readers of my first essay will form of me; for I present myself

"With all my imperfections on my head;"

and they, I fear, will be found great and numerous. Should I, however, in some measure succeed, should I be so fortunate as to hear my essays commended by those whose judgment I respect, and whose good opinion would confer an honour on the writer of them, I shall undoubtedly be highly gratified, and amply compensated. Though I shall not rise to superior excellence, I hope I shall not sink into total insignificance.

Literary undertakings are only great when contrasted with the abilities engaged in them. "Little things are great to little men;" but to the strong and comprehensive mind it is different. It was not a difficult task for Dr. Johnson, after meriting the eternal gratitude and admiration of the world, by his elegant and instructive essays, contained in the Rambler and Idler, after giving an elegant, though gloomy,

view of life in his Rasselas, after producing that stupendous work, his Dictionary of the English Language, and after he had arrived at the 70th year of his age, to begin and finish a body of the most elegant, elaborate, and critical biography that ever was written. To such a man to begin a work was almost to finish it. Conscious of his superior abilities, and possessing a confidence which his well earned fame had given him, he felt himself equal to any great work. Nor did he ever estimate them too highly: if he "wrote for immortality, immortality will be his reward." Though a portion of that confidence in himself, for which he was remarkable, must naturally have resulted from the favourable reception of his literary labours, yet how many are to be found without any such criterion to judge by, who possess a far greater portion than their abilities entitle them to! This confidence has induced them to launch out far beyond their depth, and has caused them to undertake works, which, when finished with great labour, pain, and study, have only served to render them ridiculous, or which, at best, have quietly sunk into oblivion.

It will be easy to produce numerous examples to prove the truth of this remark. A more striking one could not be given than that of sir Richard Blackmore, who was, from the commencement of his career to the end of it, the subject of ridicule, and butt of satirists. It has justly been remarked, that

"The curse of scribbling is an endless itch;"

and this was, in great measure, his inducement for continuing it so long and unremittingly. Elated too by the praise bestowed by some on his Prince Arthur, he fixed the highest value on his talents, and was no way intimidated by the censure and ridicule so plenteously bestowed on it, which, he conceived, arose from the envy and jealousy of the wits and critics of the day, whom he professed to hold in sovereign contempt. Having now become an author, he published three epic poems beside the one first mentioned, with numerous other works, when, according to Johnson, the world "became weary of contending about his heroes, and benevolence was ashamed to favour, while malice was weary of insulting. Of his four epic poems the first had such reputation as enraged the critics; the second was at least enough known to be ridiculed; the two last had neither friends nor enemies."

There are charms in literature peculiarly attracting. What arguments need be advanced in support of it, or to prove that it is a source of the most refined and captivating pleasure; that it is the cause of many joys; that it can alleviate the greatest miseries, and soothe the moments of the greatest mental anguish? None; for none are necessary to those who make it their study, and are acquainted with its never-failing streams of pleasure and delight, and those who are entirely absorbed in other and meaner pursuits would never be convinced of its advantages. It is not the man of extraordinary talents alone who is captivated by literature. He who, without possessing those intellectual gifts in a high degree, attempts to write, lays himself open to censure and sarcasm. How far I shall succeed, remains yet to be determined. My essays will be composed for the amusement of a solitary hour, and whatever may be their reception from you, gentle reader, to me the writing of them will be a source of pleasure. They will have the recommendation of being short; and, as I shall visit you but once a month, I hope I shall not be considered as a disagreeable intruder. Moral and literary topics will form the subjects of my reflections: "may I hope to be heard?"

"The numerous unsuccessful attempts," says Millar, in his Retrospect, "which have been made within these few years past to revive periodical publications, seems to in-

dicate, that it is a mode of writing almost exhausted, and that to renew and carry it on requires more diligence, ability, and leisure than usually falls to the lot of those who adventure in such a field."

My undertaking is similar to that of the periodical publications here alluded to. The ground I have begun to tread has been gone over before, by an Addison, a Johnson, a Hawkesworth, a Goldsmith, a Moore, a Thornton, a Mackenzie, and therefore my readers may often have to say, whilst perusing my numbers, "Nihil est jam dictum quod non sit prius dictum."

When a person first makes his appearance in a company, he cannot feel perfectly at ease, and will frequently appear formal and disagreeable. It is not till a further acquaintance that his good qualities are discovered. This remark will, with justice, apply to myself. I hope there are none so ungenerous as to condemn me on my first introduction, but that they will wait until they can form a more correct idea of my merit, or until they are convinced of my total want of it, after which they may applaud the *Visitor*, or "kick him out of company," as he shall deserve.

F.

For the Literary Magazine.

JOB STRUTT.

NO. I.

I WANT a name for her, said my friend Mrs. M....., when asked the name of a little thing which she had ushered into existence a few weeks before.

I am surprised, said I, you should be at a loss. Has not your little one a mother, a couple of grandmothers, a dozen aunts? Either of these will be highly gratified by the honour you do her in calling your infant after her. In the case of grandmothers and aunts, a similarity of name doubles the relationship, and, at their death, the girl will probably receive, for her name's sake, a larger share, or a more signal token of the old lady's bounty, than those who have the same claims upon her affections. I think your course is extremely obvious.

The thing that puzzles me, replied Mrs. M....., is not to find a name, but to find a pretty one. My own name is Ruth, the ugliest appellative that could be invented, and which no child of mine, if I have a score of them, shall ever have. My mother's name is Nabby, or Abigail, a name fit only for chambermaids and peasants' daughters. My stepmother's name is Hannah, which is far too prim and starch. I have no sisters myself.

But Mr. M....., said I, has three.

True, said she, but their names are Peggy, Polly, and Betsey, and they are too trite and vulgar for me.

Indeed, said I, if none of these suit you, you will find it difficult to make a choice.

She replied, that she found the choice very hard, not from the scarcity but from the multitude of names which were eligible. From a great number she had, after much deliberation, selected three, among which she had determined to make her choice; but the excellencies of each were so nicely balanced, that she was extremely puzzled to decide upon the preferable. These three were Clara, Sophia, and Constantia.

We entered into a very grave discussion of the respective merits of these names, but nothing contributed so much towards enabling her to make up her mind than my hinting at the probability that she would have hereafter an opportunity of conferring all these names upon as many cherubs, but that, meanwhile, the present laudable custom would permit her to confer all of them together upon the present little lady.

This little incident led me into many reflections on the motives which actuate fathers and mothers, in conferring names upon their off-

spring. The grand motive originates in the desire to give pleasure to some relation of the family, either through the mere wish to please, or through views of a mercenary nature. When this motive does not operate, the imagination is at liberty to range through the whole vocabulary of proper names, and to chuse that which is associated with ideas of the greatest beauty and dignity. Our notions on this head are very much under the influence of prejudice and fashion.

A remarkable proof of the last remark occurs in the history of New England manners. Every body knows the views and sentiments by which the early colonists of that part of America were actuated. They were all of a devotional and scriptural nature, and all their institutions and habits were strongly tinctured from this source. This temper appeared no where so conspicuous as in their proper names, which were taken, with few exceptions, from the Old Testament. Every body knows the instances of this passion for scripture names which historians are accustomed to give, when delineating the manners of the age of Cromwell. The list of jurymen, recorded by Hume, and the remark of one of the parliamentary leaders, that the first chapter of St. Matthew would serve as the roll-call of his company, are familiar to most readers. The earliest colonists of New England carried with them the most ardent zealots of the nation, and the use of Hebrew proper names became universal among them.

This course of things is natural and comprehensible enough, but I am greatly at a loss to conceive the cause of the revolution that has lately taken place in this respect. Now, the fashion is to confer upon females none but names borrowed from the Greek and Latin, through the medium chiefly of modern novels. Some years ago, as I passed a few months in Connecticut, I happened once to be present at a public or church christening. The parents of the child were of the humblest sort, and I was not a little surprised to hear the mother say, in answer to the minister's enquiry what name he should confer, "Lindamira Philomela." My surprise, however, was confined to myself; nobody around me seemed to be struck as with any thing extraordinary. My surprise was increased, when the clergyman proceeded to describe the infant as the daughter of Holofiernes and Jerusha Capper. The contrast which appeared, in this case, between ancient and modern manners, made nobody smile but myself, and I afterwards found that most of the young ladies present had names of the same romantic kind, while the old folks formed a long catalogue of Susannahs, Bulahs, Dinahs, and the like.

A friend of mine has since furnished me with a list of young ladies who were present at a ball, in one of the new settlements in Genesee. It is well known that this district is almost entirely inhabited by emigrants from New England. This list is so curious, that I cannot resist the temptation to insert it here. It is generally acknowledged, that proper names reflect no small light upon manners, and the following catalogue may be as instructive and amusing to the next generation as the Praise-God Barebones and the Kill-sin Pimples of the last age are to us.

Cynthia Mosely,
Clarissa Chapins,
Minerva Taylor,
Clarinda Taylor,
Roxalana Taylor,
Panthea Atwater,
Lavinia Sandburn,
Laura Barlow,
Lucinda Barlow,
Delia Williams,
Juliana Williams,
Ardella Fulton,
Electa Murray,
Artimesia Heard,
Lemira Heard,
Orilla Faunins,
Morinna Norton,
Louisa Phelps,

Monetta Vanilla Jillet,
Philomela Gill,
Theodosia Stirrup,
Statira Penny,
Sackarissa Stokes,
Laodamea Eccles,
Sophia Louisa Tubman.

I have rambled away into a dissertation upon the names of men and women, when I sat down merely to ruminate upon a name proper to confer upon my own lucubrations. I have formed the resolution to write a series of essays. As to their subject, I purpose to rely upon the suggestions of the moment; but a name must be immediately discovered and adopted.

Though a name, on such occasions, is matter of so little real moment, we are generally extremely puzzled to make a choice. Miscellaneous essays cannot be reduced to any comprehensive title, and there is generally a humourous opposition between the title and the theme of the lucubration. The Lounger, the Tatler, the Rambler, the Idler are all names which have not the least relation to the tenor of the works to which they are attached. They seem to have been adopted by chance, or through wantonness.

After much reflection, I have finally determined to affix to these essays *my own name*. I might, indeed, have hit upon imaginary names, more musical and pleasing to the ear, and have bestowed it on myself without any danger of detection. When I first took up the pen, I let it run on, under the conviction that it might light upon some grand and beautiful assemblage of sounds; but, by the time I reached the last name in the above romantic catalogue, I settled down into the sober and reasonable resolution to dispense with all affectation and fiction, and employ the identical name which I received in baptism.

Job Strutt is not the most musical and sounding of human names. It borrows not much dignity from association. Job the patient was, indeed, a respectable personage enough, but the name does not seem to have affected modern ears and fancies very agreeably, for I do not recollect a single personage of any consequence, in European annals, by the name of *Job*. No king, that I recollect, no general, no poet, no philosopher has ever honoured this name with his acceptance. In such general disrepute is this mouth-filling monosyllable held, that nobody ever dreams of conferring it even upon negroes, horses, dogs, or parrots, a fastidousness for which I never could account.

I have often thought myself unfortunate in being dubbed with this abrupt and surly appellation; and even at this day, which is the fortieth anniversary of my birth, I am never called upon to write it or pronounce it without being out of countenance. I know my scruples are silly, and that names borrow their significance entirely from the character of those that wear them, and that had I been honoured with the most superb appellation that a congress of grammarians could invent, I should be valued and esteemed exactly according to my personal merits. But though Alexander, Maximilian, or Horatio will not rescue the bearer from any contempt or detestation to which his character and conduct may justly entitle him, it is to be feared that a strong prejudice connected with a name, will operate a little to the disadvantage of the wearer. It is always desirable to have the first impression which we make upon others a favourable one, and the world, as every body knows, is governed by names.

I once asked my mother why she gave me this name. She told me it was entirely my father's doings..... The book of Job was his favourite study, and his grand consolation in all the evils and crosses of human life, and the poor man had his share. The old gentleman, indeed, was something of a poet; but the only sample now extant of his poetical propensities was a version of the

book of Job. He was determined to perpetuate his veneration for the patriarch, by giving the name to his first, and, as it turned out, his only son, and all my mother's gainsaying availed nothing. She was strenuous for *Theodore*, which, besides its beauty as a mere succession of sounds, and its merits, considering its significance as a compound word, was the name of her father and brother. The poor woman had set her heart upon *Theodore*, and to be thwarted in this darling hope was a misfortune she could hardly endure. When the death of my father put an end to the hopes she had never ceased to cherish, that she should have an opportunity of conferring her darling name on a second son, a scheme which my father acquiesced in, her grief was deepened by despair. It is hard to penetrate the motives of people, even in the most important actions of their lives; but, for my part, I have very little doubt that to rid herself of the odious name of *Strutt*, and procure an opportunity of giving to her offspring the name of *Theodore*, were the principal motives which reconciled her to a second marriage. Poor woman! Heaven cursed her, as is usual, with the grant of her own wishes, for her *Theodore* is unluckily distinguished by a hump on his back, and by a temper as crooked and perverse as his body.

As to my second name, Strutt, how the deuce my family came to be saddled with it I cannot imagine. All names were, probably, in their original, nicknames, that is, were descriptive, or designed to be descriptive, of some quality or circumstance about them. My ancestor, I suppose, was of a haughty and aspiring character and port: but they must have owed the loftiness of their deportment to some innate elevation of mind, for, so far as I have been able to trace their history, there was nothing, in their outward circumstances, of which they could reasonably boast. I am loath to say it, but it is in vain to deny, that my family, from my great-grandfather downward, have been hereditary coblers.

Upon second thoughts.....but I have drawn out this essay to a sufficient length, and shall, therefore, for the present, end here.

For the Literary Magazine.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A Fragment.

.....WHEN we reach a new year's day, we reach an eminence in the journey of life, where we are naturally prompted to pause, from which we have an opportunity of seeing a large portion of the road we have passed, and are powerfully induced to cast our view forward in search of futurity. Each one who has attained this height looks back and looks forward on a scene, and with emotions, peculiar to himself. What are my emotions? what is the scene which I have passed, and what the prospects which futurity discloses to *my* anxious view?

Thirty-four years have now gone over me. They still find me on the surface of the earth alive, erect. What has become of all those who came into existence at the same time! How many have come to an untimely end! How many have been cut off ere the prime of life! How many of my own favourite companions, my chosen friends, now sleep in an early grave! And how chequered have been their destinies!

My earliest and infantile playmate, with whom I used to *play horses*, and con the *ABC* together, though born to elevated prospects, endowed with good capacity, and improved by a learned education, trod the paths of idleness and dissipation, which terminated in the loss of reason. For years he resided in the hospital for lunatics, and it is not many months since his body, long infected with the decay which had previously devoured his mind, was consigned to a nameless grave.

The period of infancy past, it was my lot to form the most intimate alliance with a youth, whose moral habits were as blameless as his studious propensities were laudable. The neglect of a nurse, in childhood, made him an incurable cripple, and contributed, no doubt, to stimulate his zeal in those pursuits which promised him, in usefulness and glory, a compensation for his bodily infirmities.

After much self-debate he devoted himself to the medical science; but, alas! his intense application soon overturned his already tottering fabric, and he died before his twentieth year. Many times, during our intercourse, had he occasion to sit beside my sick bed, and often did he predict that ere the next sun should rise, I should draw my last breath. Yet it was my lot to follow *him* to his grave.

Since that period many have been the friendships which accident has led me to form. As often as my choice was made, did death step to ravish my beloved companion from my arms. It is not many months since I witnessed the departure of the third among them.

Why, in thus dealing out destruction, has a mysterious destiny spared me? My merits have been unspeakably inferior to those whose loss I lament. The spacious circle of the world, and the small circle of relations and friends, would have had much less reason to deplore *my* death than *theirs*. *They* were the pride, the boast, the hope of all connected with them. *I* have hitherto lived, and, such is the omnipotence of evil habits, shall hereafter live without glory to myself, or felicity or benefit to those around me.

I have been most unfortunate in possessing a character, and imbibing habits, which merit nothing but poverty and ignominy; which have invariably and incessantly committed to hazard life, health, fame, and competence. Most fortunate have I been in possessing friends, and meeting circumstances, which supplied the place of merit, and have given me every good that fancy could image, in spite of my own nefarious indolence, or perverse activity.

Always has my heart sighed for a conjugal companion. What has ever been my favourite, though hopeless, dream? That a woman, in whom personal, intellectual, and moral excellence should be enshrined, should give herself to me. That I should ever light on such a being; that such a being, when found, should ever deign to bind herself to me; that my own condition should ever be such, when such a consenting being were found, as to allow us the choice of the inseparable life, were always regarded as impossible. They were phantoms of a gay, ideal world, laboriously created, and illumining my fancy for a moment, merely to leave, when they withdrew, a more dreary and palpable obscurity behind them.

In this has a benign Providence been particularly propitious. Do I not possess all that I wished? All that surpassed my hopes, and far outstripped my deserts, has showered itself down upon me; and this anniversary has risen with more felicities to my view, than any former one: felicities which want nothing but stability and long continuance to make full the cup of my desires.....

Jan. 1, 1805. X.

For the Literary Magazine.

HUMPHREYS' WORKS.

THE Miscellaneous Works of David Humphreys, Esq., Minister Extraordinary to the Court of Madrid, have been lately republished in New York. Most of the poetical pieces contained in this volume were written and published either during the American war, or shortly after its termination. Their merit, therefore, has long ago been settled by the public opinion.

The author's modesty appears to have inspired him with a notion that his name was already not at all, or but little known to his readers. He has therefore thought proper to collect as many recommendatory scraps and notices as possible, and to put them in front of his book, that they may make a favourable impression. To appear in public with all the badges and insignia of our rank, and all the tokens of the public regard, conspicuously displayed and hung about us, may, at first, appear to argue a little vanity, but, rightly considered, it may more properly be deemed an indication of a self-disclaiming disposition.

To say truth, colonel Humphreys is no inconsiderable poet, and had he more rarely introduced *himself* into the poetical canvas, he would not, therefore, have attracted *less* notice. The reader is, indeed, frequently amused by the ingenuity displayed by the author in hitching in his own merits and exploits, where they would naturally be least expected.

His principal poems are of a kind not easily described. They are national or political descants, in which the nation is made the subject of encomium, and its future glories pourtrayed with a very liberal fancy. A poem on American industry has been written lately, and the views it contains are equally recommended by their truth, and by the ornaments with which a classical fancy has invested them.

Many passages might be selected from each of these poems, in which a high degree of poetical excellence is to be found; but their merit is too generally acknowledged, and their tenor too familiarly known, to justify quotation or comment. There are also, candour compels us to acknowledge, many passages which require the pruning or the lopping hand.

The principal prose performance in this volume is the life of Putnam: not a very profound, but a truly entertaining aud agreeable piece of biography.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHESNUTS AND RAIL TIMBER.

TO prevent chesnuts being destroyed by the moles, when planted, let them be planted with the burs on; this has been successfully practised in New Jersey, on a large scale, by a Frenchman. At the age of three years, he cuts them down (or heads them down, agreeably to Forsyth), and when they have timber enough for a few rails, they may be again cut down.

In those parts of the United States in which the *beech and maple* predominate, rail timber is well supplied from the white ash, wild cherry, birch, and hemlock. This last will not split from the centre, but must be sliced from the outside, which makes the splitting easy. This is much practised in New England, and the rails are very durable.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY EPOCHAS.

THE French revolution having now apparently drawn to a close, it may not be uninteresting to take a short view of the revolutionary epochas.

May 5, 1789. States general met at Versailles.

October 6. The king brought from Versailles to Paris.

June 21, 1791. The king fled from Paris....brought back from Varennes.

September 14. The king accepts the constitution.

June 20, 1792. The king assaulted in the Thuilleries.

August 10. The Thuilleries taken, and the king takes refuge in the legislative assembly.

September 22. Convention met..... royalty abolished.....republican year commenced.

January 21, 1793. The king beheaded.

May 31, 1793. Brissotine party

arrested....condemned 9th, and guillotined the 10th Brumaire.

July 27, 1794. Roberspierrian party guillotined....10th Thermidor, 2d year.

September 22, 1795. New constitution put in force of five directors.

September 4, 1797. Two directors and fifty-two deputies arrested for a conspiracy to introduce royalty....18th Fructidor, 5th year.

November 9, 1799. Bonaparte seizes the reins of government (18th Brumaire) and establishes the consulat.

December 15, 1799. Bonaparte named first consul.

June 14, 1800. Battle of Marengo.

August 4, 1802. Bonaparte made first consul for life, with power to name a successor.

———— 1804. Bonaparte made emperor.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONNET, BY HAYLEY.

In a letter to a correspondent in America.

"The remark you make on Pope's too limited prospect of his own posthumous renown had occurred to me, a few years ago, and gave rise to a sonnet (reserved with many others in manuscript), which I will transcribe as a proof of our sympathy on this subject."

"READ in one island! in one age forgot!"
Such was the poet's view of bounded fame,
When pensive Pope explained his serious aim;
But as the palace rises from the lot,
See Fortune aggrandize his narrow spot!
See a new Britain in the west proclaim
Through social regions his re-echoed name,
While boundless glory is his brilliant lot!

Earth thus expanding to befriend the bard;
Poetic genius! with a grander scope
Spread thy bold wing; and with thy eagle-Hope,
Bask under heaven's illuminated cope.
Be this thy task, a task sublimely hard,
Improve the growing world, and win its just regard.

SELECTED.

TO THE NEW MOON.

OH stay awhile thy silver horn,
That hastens now so fast away,
Adown the western pathway borne,
Closing the rear of parting day!

Sweet queen of heaven! thou canst not find
In all thy daily circled course,
One who more feels within his mind
Thy soft persuasive beauty's force.

Thou goest o'er the lonely deep
To waste thy splendour on the tide,
Where only sea-born monsters sweep,
Unheeding of thy beamy pride;

Or on some woody mountain's head,
Canadian wilds shall drink thy ray;
Where savage tygers prowling tread,
And savage men more fierce than they;

Or on the long Atlantic shore,
The realm of trade thy view shall greet,

Where busy labour plies the oar,
And jostles in the crouded street.

Unhonour'd and unnotic'd there,
Thou shalt illume the lonely sky:
Then why to these dull sons of care,
Bright queen, dost thou so quickly fly?

Do these allure thee to the west?
Dost thou prefer these scenes to me?
Nor can a poet's woe-fraught breast
Claim any privilege from thee?

The idlest of the idle train,
The meanest too, with heart forlorn,
He pours to thee his lonely strain,
And gazes on thy parting horn.

He hails thee as a well known friend,
A friend of past and better days;
To thee his fond affections tend,
His sad heart lightens in thy rays.

But not for man's frail plaints her laws
Shall constant nature e'er suspend,
Or stop th' unintermitting cause,
Whence planets in their orbits tend.

Ah no! tho' once a hero's tongue
Bade thee on Ajalon stand still,
No wandering poet's feeble song
Can stay thee on thy western hill.

Unmindful of his ardent prayer,
Thou shalt thy steady course pursue,
And to each clime alike shalt bear
Of light and joy proportion due.

Oh could I mount and soar with thee,
Far, far above this world of care!
And, sailing with thee o'er the sea,
Look down upon the nether air!

Then, as upon the mimic sphere,
We'd trace each river's waving line,
Each gloomy wood, each desart drear,
Each long-drawn mountain's craggy spine;

And view where Europe roll'd beneath,
Her plains to despot pow'r resign'd,
Her streams so late distain'd with death,
Nor sigh to leave the scene behind;

And where old Ocean heav'd below
In billowy pride his vast expanse,
Mark how his swelling waters glow,
As shifting moon-beams o'er them dance.

And there, perhaps, we should survey,
While o'er their barks the sea-spray flies,
Unhappy men who long for day;—
But day on them shall never rise.

Still westward in our course we glide,
And to our view the land appears,
Once the lov'd source of swelling pride,
Still lov'd, but ah! the source of tears.

That land whence Order slow retires,
And headlong Faction rears her claim;
Where Freedom kindled patriot fires,
* But Commerce quench'd the rising flame.

Yet tho' the realm of trade it be,
Full gladly there with thee I'd roam;
It still has many charms for me,
For 'tis my country—'tis my home.—

And liberal Nature there has spread,
To soothe the feeling mind, her stores:
Green groves there nod the lofty head,
And winding waters wash the shores.

And there, more worth than groves or streams,
The living life of beauty shines,
From many an eye its lustre gleams,
And many a heart its force refines.

And tho' with thee secure I range
Across the blue star-sprinkled plain,
'Tis beauty bids me wish to change,
And lures me back to earth again.

But ah, I dream!—no starry plain
My weary wandering footsteps tread;
No native land appears again,
Beneath in varied prospect spread;

* The author does not mean to depreciate the value of commerce, of whose importance to the national prosperity, when confined within its proper channel, he is fully sensible. His only aim is to protest against a mercantile spirit which has been so frequently manifested in the legislative deliberations of his country, where there have been found men, who, when the dearest interests of the nation are at stake, sit down calmly to calculate the expence of defending them, and who conclude when money is saved nothing is lost.

No once lov'd beauty cheers my sight;
But whilst I cast my eyes around,
Yon castle, on the rocky height,
Tells me I tread on Scottish ground.—

Go then, and from this troubled breast
Its vain regrets, its wishes bear!
Go, give thy glories to the west!
Go! while the *Wanderer* tarries here,

And thou wilt find one little spot,
Where busy Trade does not intrude,
By pompous Art almost forgot,
But lov'd by musing Solitude.

When o'er that spot thy rays shall stream,
Roll not unheeding through the sky,
Steal gently down one brighter beam,
And let it glance on Delia's eye.

That eye, responsive to thy light,
Shall tremble with a brighter ray,
For well she loves to woo the night,
When thou thy crescent dost display.

And often when the young and gay,
Crouded the lustre-lighted room,
She, not unmark'd, has hied away,
To hail the twilight's dusky gloom.

And oft alone shall she be seen,
When thou shalt in the west be found,
And by the wonted pillar lean,
Where twines the honey-suckle round.

Let then no cloud obscure thy face,
No brooding tempest threaten near,
But one mild blue the welkin grace,
And silence rest upon the air.

For while to lonely musing given,
Her thoughts to former days may flee,
And 'mid the pleasures of the even,
Perhaps that she may think on me;

Then, could the skies a message bear,
Each wandering fire that rolls above
Should waft unto her listening ear,
The truth that still I love, I love.

But how should'st thou my Delia know?
And who is she the maid so dear,
For whom I bid my numbers flow,
And weary evening with my prayer?

O! thou wilt know her, should'st thou spy
A maid that meekly moves along,
And shrinks from the obtrusive eye,
Nor mingles with the giddy throng.

Yet tho' unconscious of her power,
None with my Delia may compare,
For she is sweet as May's first flower,
And midst the fairest she is fair.

And thou wilt know her, for thou oft
Hast seen me fondly by her side,
With stolen sighs and whisper soft,
A suitor to her virgin pride.

Oft when thy rays illum'd the dome,
That near her mansion rose to view,
With secret step I left my home,
To meet my love so fair, so true.

To tell my tale of love I came,
Nor she disdain'd to hear me speak,
But sometimes own'd a mutual flame,
While night half hid her blushing cheek;

And when above the southern tree,
Orion's starry baldrick shone,
With sweet reproof she chid my stay,
And gently warn'd me to be gone.

But ah! these times are past, and drear
Unlovely prospects greet the eye:
And tho' Orion rises here,
Orion glides unheeded by.

For now ten times thy growing horn,
Has glisten'd on Night's forehead high,
Ten times to full perfection borne,
Thy orb has waned in the sky;

Since far from Delia, far from love,
Far from my native Severn's strand,
Lonely and comfortless I rove,
An exile in a foreign land;—

Go then, and from this troubled breast
Its vain regrets, its wishes bear,
Go, give thy glories to the west!
Forlorn and sad I tarry here.

ITHACUS.

Edinburgh, October 22, 1802.

FAREWELL TO PHILADELPHIA.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye,

But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh nature! tho' blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown;
How faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own.

Nor long did the soul of this stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet.
Ah! scarce did he hope it would bless him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet.

But the lays of his boy-hood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him (with flattery welcome and dear)
That they found in his heart something dearer than fame.

Nor did woman—Oh! woman, whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue.
Whether sunn'd in the tropic, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had loved, was HER eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft'
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream,
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang ever mellow its beam.

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell with a sigh, what endearments he met
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

SELECTIONS.

THE HYBERNATION OF SNAKES.

THEY awaken from their annual sleep in the first warm days of the spring; but what may appear singular is, that like oviparous quadrupeds, and almost all animals which pass the cold weather in a state of torpor, they awaken from it when the weather is colder than that which at the end of autumn was sufficient to keep them in activity.

It has been observed, that these different animals often retire, during the autumn, to their winter retreats, and begin to fall into a torpid state when the heat is equal to which revives them in the spring. Whence then proceeds this difference in the effects of the warmth of the spring, and that of autumn? Why does the same degree of heat towards the winter, produce a greater degree of activity in animals? It is because the warmth of the spring is not the only agent which then re-animates them, and restores life to their torpid bodies. At that season the atmosphere not only begins to be pervaded by a

genial heat, but it is also filled with a large quantity of the electric fluid, which is dissipated by the summer storms, and this is the reason why we never experience during the autumn such a number of tempests, or so loud claps of thunder, though the heat of the two seasons may be equal. This electric fluid is one of the greatest agents employed by nature to animate living beings. It is not therefore surprizing, that when it abounds in the atmosphere, animals already roused by this powerful cause, have occasion for nothing else to make them resume all their motions, but of a heat equal to that which would leave them in their state of torpor did it act alone. The greater part of animals which have a sufficiency of internal heat to prevent them from becoming torpid, and even man, experience this difference in the effects of the warmth of spring, and that of autumn..... Equal in other respects, they have all more vital force and internal activity in the beginning of spring, than on the approach of winter, because they are both equally susceptible of being more or less animated by the electric fluid, the action of which is much weaker in the autumn than in the spring.

A NEW MODE OF LUXURY.

By a traveller.

IN possession of an ample fortune, and willing to enjoy it according to his fancy, Mr. B....., an Englishman, purchased in Paris a magnificent house, but constructed on a small scale, where every thing the most refined luxury could suggest was assembled.

Mr. B..... had made it a rule to gratify his five senses to the highest degree of enjoyment of which they were susceptible. An exquisite table, perfumed apartments, the charms of music and painting; every thing most enchanting that nature, assisted by art, could produce, successively flattered his sight, his taste, his smell, his hearing, and his feeling.

In a superb saloon, whither he conducted me, were six young beauties, dressed in an extraordinary manner, whose persons, at first sight, did not appear unknown to me: it struck me that I had seen their faces more than once, and I was accordingly going to address them, when Mr. B....., smiling at my mistake, explained to me the cause of it.

I have, in my amours, said he, a particular fancy. The choicest beauty of Circassia would have no merit in my eyes, did she not resemble the portrait of some woman, celebrated in past ages: and while lovers set great value on a miniature which faithfully exhibits the features of their mistress, I esteem mine only in proportion to their resemblance to ancient portraits.

Conformably to this fancy, I have caused the intendant of my pleasures to travel over Europe, with select portraits, or engravings, copied from the originals. He has succeeded in his researches, as you see, since you thought you recognized these ladies on whom you have never before set your eyes; but whose likenesses you may, undoubtedly, have met with. Their dress must have contributed to your mistake: they all wear the attire of the personage they represent; for I wish their whole person to be picturesque. By these means, I have travelled back several centuries, and am in possession of beauties whom time had placed at a great distance.

Supper was served up. Mr. B..... seated himself between Mary, queen of Scots, and Anne Bullein. I placed myself opposite to him, having beside me Ninon de l'Enclos, and Gabrielle d'Estrees. We also had the company of the fair Rosamond and Nell Gwynn; but at the head of the table was a vacant elbow-chair, sur-

mounted by a canopy, and destined for Cleopatra, who was coming from Egypt, and whose arrival Mr. B..... hourly expected.

OSAGE INDIANS.

IT is well known that captains Clark and Lewis, with a party of twenty men, are now performing a journey into the interior of Louisiana. Their attention being directed to exploring that country, as far as the western shores of the continent, and passing through numerous tribes of Indians, many of which are connected with, and in some instances tributary to, the Osages, it was sound policy to induce their chiefs to visit our cities. Here they may be considered as hostages for the safety of the American adventurers. Their countrymen will not, in all probability, attempt to surprize our party, while some of their principal chiefs are in our hands, and, before their return, captains Clark and Lewis will have accomplished the object of their expedition.

If these gentlemen find it hazardous to return by the way they proceeded, they will endeavour to procure a passage from the western coast of America to China. Several American vessels, trading for sea-otter skins, are known to be on the coast, and a passage to Canton will be readily procured. If this route is pursued, and they return home by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, captains Clark and Lewis will be the first persons who have circumnavigated the globe in a similar direction. The Scots traveller, Mr. Mackenzie, only passed from Canada to the western shore, peeped at the sea, and rashly returned very much in the track he went. But he accomplished all that could be expected of him, considering that he pursued a northern passage, for he never passed under the latitude of 45 in the first journey in 1789, and then he had not progressed in that latitude farther than Lake Huron, and saw the ocean, in lat. 52, 21, N., long. 123, 2, W., on the 22d July, 1793, while on his second journey. Mackenzie wished to divert the fur trade from the Americans, and it appeared to be of primary importance to him that the English should secure the head waters of the Mississippi, and by that channel transport their furs to the Atlantic ocean; and how far his government has endeavoured to second his views, by a late convention, remains to be seen.

Captains Clark and Lewis will direct their passage at least 15 or 20 degrees of latitude more towards the south, where it is expected the country will afford skins and furs in as great abundance as the northern regions of Canada. The tribes of Indians in Louisiana are more numerous. They kill much game. The rivers are larger, and communicate directly with the Mississippi. The Missouri is navigable more than a thousand or fifteen hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi. The Arkansas river has been navigated nine hundred miles. Red river is a long, and highly important river, but its navigation is said to be in part obstructed by a considerable fall in the neighbourhood of Natchitoches. All these rivers empty their waters into the Mississippi. The tract of country about Red river is known to afford gold and silver mines, and large quantities of salt. The buffaloe, which abounds in Louisiana, as well as other animals, resort to the salt springs, and are killed by the hunters without much difficulty. It is said to be only nine hundred or a thousand miles from the mouth of the Ohio, on a due west course, to the Spanish mines of St. Fé, and the boundaries of Louisiana, on that side, are supposed to run not far from, if not across, these rich mines. The public have a right to expect important discoveries from the American travellers, and we shall wait in anxious suspense for their safe return.

ADMIRAL LATOUCHE TREVILLE.

LOUIS RENE MAGDALEINE LEVASSOR LATOUCHE TREVILLE, grand officer of the empire, one of the inspectors general of the coast, grand officer of the legion of honour, and vice-admiral commanding the squadron of his imperial majesty in the Mediterranean, died lately on board the Bucentaur, in the road of Toulon.

This general officer, the issue of a family highly distinguished in the records of the navy, was born at Rochefort, on the 3d of June, 1745.

He had not attained his thirteenth year, when he was appointed *garde de la marine*, and in this capacity he bore a share in many actions which took place during the year 1756.

His preference of the sea service, and the progress he made in it, did not, however, prevent his family from making him accept a company of cavalry, in the year 1768; but, unable to resist his first inclinations, he was not long in returning to his first career.

He was exercised in it in different commands, when the American war broke out; he was appointed to several ships of war during its continuance; and was likewise employed on many private and difficult missions.

In 1780, he commanded l'Hermione, of 32 guns, in the seas of the United States, on board of which he attacked the Iris English frigate, of the same force. The action was very obstinate, and the Iris was only indebted for her safety to her superior sailing, by means of which she sought shelter in New York.

In 1781, in company with l'Astrea frigate, commanded by the celebrated La Perouse, he maintained a very warm action against two frigates and four sloops of war, and induced them at length to sheer off.

In 1782, having the command of l'Aigle and la Gloire frigates, he fell in, during the night, off Delaware, with the Hector English man of war, of 74 guns, which he so much disabled, that he could have forced her to surrender, had not the importance of his mission been such as to impose on him the duty of continuing his course for the river Delaware, up which he was to sail, with a sum of four millions, and dispatches of the highest importance. The Hector was so ill used, that she foundered a few days afterwards.

The frigates were not yet repaired, when he was attacked by a squadron under the command of admiral Elphinstone. Obliged to enter the Delaware very precipitately, he took such measures as insured the safety of la Gloire; and even he himself would have escaped the enemy, had not the aukwardness of a pilot run his vessel on a sand bank. In this critical position, he maintained himself against the fire of the whole squadron, until he had landed his dispatches, together with the treasure, with the general officers he had on board, and the major part of his crew.

Peace being concluded shortly afterward, his experience and knowledge induced the government to call him first into the superior administration of ports, and afterwards to the councils of the ministry: here it was that his meditations produced the ordinance of 1786, a military code the most complete that has appeared to the present day.

In 1787, he was appointed chancellor to the first prince of the blood.

In 1789, he was deputed by the bailiage of Montargis to the states general, where he took his seat among the friends of well regulated liberty: as deputy to this illustrious body, no one could charge him with exaggerations of opinion.

In 1792, the appearances of an approaching war recalled him to active service, with the rank of rear-admiral. He commanded a division of ships employed in the Cagliari and Oneille expeditions, and which reduced Nice: being dispatched with a squadron to Na-

ples, under such delicate circumstances, he nobly supported the dignity of the French name and flag.

His services, the amenity of his character, and the purity of his patriotism, did not, however, screen him from those persecutions which but too strongly marked that unfortunate period of our history: he was deprived of his rank, and imprisoned until the beginning of the year 3.

Scarcely had he recovered his liberty, when he again solicited employment at sea; but circumstances proving unfavourable, he devoted himself to useful labours, until the 18th Brumaire, when he was restored to a service in which he was still to distinguish himself.

He first commanded a squadron at Brest; shortly afterwards, on being sent to Boulogne, he prepared the first elements of that flotilla, which has since been so considerably augmented; and the glorious actions he fought with admiral Nelson, on the 17th and 27th Thermidor, year 9, are in the recollection of every one.

Peace did not set bounds to his indefatigable activity. Scarcely were the preliminaries signed, when he was appointed to the command of a squadron destined for St. Domingo. Having special orders to attack Port au Prince, he entered the road fighting, subjugated the forts, caused the troops to be landed, and contributed, in a most effectual manner, towards preserving the town from being burnt.

Remaining as commander in chief to the naval forces at St. Domingo, it is to the activity and wise combination of the measures he took to execute the orders of government that we are indebted for having saved almost the whole of the squadron that he commanded, and which the war surprised whilst cruising off that island.

He did not quit St. Domingo until Brumaire, year 12, when illness and fatigue had brought him to the brink of the grave.

He was no sooner recovered than he solicited the honour of rendering new services. Accordingly, in last Germinal, his imperial majesty conferred on him the rank of vice-admiral, and commander of the Mediterranean squadron.

From that period he has been continually in presence of superior forces, which have in vain attempted to blockade Toulon. The activity to which he had accustomed all the ships of his squadron, and the strict discipline he had kept up, were the means of preventing the enemy from appearing in the road, without being pursued, harassed, and at length forced to sheer off.

His majesty appointed him, in last Messidor, grand officer of the empire, and inspector general of the Mediterranean coast.

Seized, on the 22d Thermidor, with a grievous sickness, of which he did not conceal the danger, he was in vain solicited to suffer himself to be carried on shore, in order to receive that assistance of which his situation stood in need; he constantly refused, and expired on board Le Bucentaur, in the night of the 2d Fructidor.

His last words were, "A sea officer ought to die under his ship's flag."

Vice-admiral Latouche carries with him the regret of the navy: his life recalls to mind long and honourable services, and his death leaves the great example of an unbounded attachment to discipline.

THE NAJA.

THE *naja*, or serpent with spectacles, which makes a beautiful appearance, on account of the richness of its colours, is one of the most venomous in the East Indies, yet in that country there are jugglers bold enough to exhibit it as an amusing spectacle to the curiosity of the public. By means of processes, related by travellers, they tame

this formidable animal, diminish the quantity of its poison, and make it perform a kind of dance.

The juggler takes in his hand a root, the virtue of which, as he pretends, is a preventative against the bite of the serpent, and drawing the animal from a vase, in which he generally keeps it shut up, he irritates it by holding out his stick to it, or only with his fist; the naja immediately raising itself upright against the hand that attacks it, resting on its tail, elevating its body, swelling up its neck, opening its mouth, stretching out its forked tongue, agitating itself with vivacity, darting fire from its eyes, and making a hissing noise, begins a sort of combat with its master, who then singing in a loud strain, holds his fist to it, sometimes on the right side, and sometimes the left, while the animal, which keeps its eyes always fixed on the hand that threatens it, follows all its motions, balances its head and body on its tail, and thus exhibits the appearance of a kind of dance. The naja can continue this exercise for nearly ten minutes, but as soon as the Indian perceives that, fatigued by its motions and vertical situation, the serpent is ready to make its escape, he puts an end to his singing, the naja ceases to dance, stretches itself out on the ground, and its master puts it back into its vessel.

SLOUGH.

IT is well known that serpents cast their skins every year; but this difficult operation has perhaps never been clearly explained. This skin is turned inside out. The reptile must have begun to get rid of it by the head, having no other opening but the mouth, by which it could get out of this kind of bag. The scales which cover the jaws are the first that turn backwards, by detaching themselves from the palate, and by remaining always very even with those above and below the head. The latter afterwards turn back as far as the corner of the mouth, and the head of the serpent may be then seen covered from the muzzle to the eyes with a new skin, while the animal makes continual efforts to disengage itself from the kind of case in which it is enclosed. This case continues to turn back like a glove, in such a manner, that while the real head of the serpent advances in one direction to get rid of it, the muzzle of the old skin, which is always very entire, advances, as one may say, towards the tail, that the old skin may be entirely stripped off. The eyes cast their coats, like the rest of the body; the cornea divests itself entirely, as well as the eyelids, of that scaly substance which surrounds it, and which preserves its form in the dry skin, where it appears with the concave side uttermost. The scales rise entirely with part of the epidermis, to which they were attached. This epidermis forms a kind of frame around each scale, whether great or small: it does not exactly follow the circumference of each, but it surrounds that part which adheres to the skin, and which, by the different motions of the animal, could not be separated from it. These frames, which touch each other, form a kind of net, less transparent than the scales, which appear to fill up the intervals of it like so many facets and diaphonous plates.

By rubbing themselves against the earth, and every thing they meet with, serpents get rid of their old skin, which always rolls itself back to the last scale of the tail: this detaches itself without folding back.

NUMBER OF BANKS IN THE UNITED STATES.

MAINE.

Portland	-	2
Wiscassett	-	1
Hallowell	-	1
		— 4

NEW HAMPSHIRE.		
Portsmouth	2	
Exeter	1	
	—	3
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Boston	5	
Salem	2	
Newburyport	1	
New Bedford	1	
Plymouth	1	
Nantucket	1	
Marblehead	1	
Gloucester	1	
Beverly	1	
Worcester	1	
Northampton	1	
	—	16
RHODE ISLAND.		
Providence	2	
Newport	3	
Bristol	1	
Warren	1	
Westerly	1	
	—	8
CONNECTICUT.		
Newhaven	1	
Hartford	1	
Norwich	1	
Middletown	1	
New London	1	
	—	5
NEW YORK.		
New York	4	
Albany	1	
Hudson	1	
Troy bank (voluntarily dissolved)		
	—	6
NEW JERSEY.		
Newark	1	
	—	1
PENNSYLVANIA.		
Philadelphia	4	
Lancaster	1	
Pittsburg	1	
	—	6
DELAWARE.		
Wilmington	1	
	—	1
MARYLAND.		
Baltimore (before the Union Bank)	3	
	—	3
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		
Washington	1	
Georgetown	1	
Alexandria	2	
	—	4
VIRGINIA.		
Richmond	1	
Norfolk	2	
Fredericksburg	1	
	—	4
SOUTH CAROLINA.		
Charleston	3	
	—	3
GEORGIA.		
Savannah	1	
	—	1
Total, including the Union Bank of Maryland,		66

THE BOIGA.

IF nature seems to have exhausted all her ornaments upon an atom, such as the humming bird, she has been no less lavish towards a harmless species of serpent in India, named the *boiga*.

The lively colours of precious stones, and the brilliant splendour of gold, says the count de la Cepede, shine forth on the scales of the *boiga*, as well as on the feathers of the humming bird; and as if in the embellishment of these two beings nature wished to give a perfect model to art, of the most beautiful assortment of colours, the brownest tints laid one over the other, amidst the brightest shades, are arranged in such a manner as to produce, by a happy contrast, the splendid colours which they display.

We should have but an imperfect idea, says he, of the beauty of the *boiga*, did we only represent to ourselves that azure and white agreeably contrasted, and set off by these three embroideries, ornamented with a gold colour; we must paint all the different reflections from the upper and lower parts of the body, and the different tints of silver colour, yellow, red, and black which they produce. The blue and white through which you imagine that you perceive these tints wonderfully blended, unite also the softness of

their shades to the vivacity of these different reflections in such a manner, that when the *boiga* moves, you imagine that you see shining below a piece of chrystal, transparent, and sometimes bluish, a long chain of emeralds, topazes, sapphires, and rubies. It is to be remarked that it is in the beautiful and scorched plains of India, that chrystal and the hardest stones exhibit the liveliest shades, and where nature has thought proper, if I may say so, to represent on the skin of the *boiga* a faithful picture of these rich ornaments.

The *boiga* is very slender in proportion to its length. Those from which the preceding description was taken were more than three feet in length, and scarcely a few lines in diameter. Their tail, almost as long as the body, still continues diminishing, and resembles a very fine needle.

The *boigas* to richness of colour add slenderness of proportion; they are, therefore, extremely nimble, and can, by forming their bodies into several folds, dart forward with rapidity, easily twist themselves round different objects, mount or descend, suspend themselves from them, and, in an instant, display, on the branches of the trees which they inhabit, the gold and azure of their smooth shining scales.

The *boiga* draws towards it different kinds of birds, by imitating certain sounds, which are familiar to them; and, for this reason, some authors have called its hissing its song; but it simply emits a hissing noise. So many beauties and graces united in this animal are still heightened by its innocence. It seems even to acknowledge the caresses bestowed on it by the young Indians, and to take pleasure in being turned over and over again by their delicate hands.

AGILITY OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.

IN the great Dutch war, in the reign of Charles II, the English fleet and that of Holland fought in the channel for three days successively, engaging in the day, and lying to at night. But just as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came off that an armistice was concluded upon, and the hostile parties began to exercise mutual civilities. On board a Dutch man of war, which lay along side an English first rate, was a sailor so remarkably active, as to run to the mast-head and stand upright upon the truck, after which he cut several capers, and concluded with standing upon his head, to the great astonishment and terror of the spectators. On coming down from his exploit, all his countrymen expressed their joy by huzzaing, and thereby signifying triumph over the English. One of the English tars, piqued for the honour of his country, ran up to the top like a cat, and essayed, with all his might, to throw up his heels like the Dutchman, and, not having the skill, he missed his poise, and came down rather faster than he went up. The rigging, however, broke his fall, and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As soon as he had recovered his speech, he ran to the side, and exultingly cried out to the Dutchmen, "*There, do that if you can.*"

PRETENDED DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

THE following account of a person, who had obtained considerable credit in France, as the son of Louis XVI, is given in Kotzebue's journey from Berlin to Paris:

Jean Marie Hervagault is the son of a tailor at St. Lo, of a prepossessing figure, features bearing resemblance to those of Louis XVI, fair, slender, lively, communicative without suspicion, quickly penetrating, and feigning innocence in a masterly manner; of course a person of great endowments, but no education. He is supposed to be a natural son of the late duke of Valentinois, who

possessed estates in Normandy..... The strange events of the revolution disordered his senses; he saw that many had raised themselves from obscurity, and he wished to do the same.

In September, 1796, he left his father's house, and strolled as a vagabond about the country, declaring himself to be the son of a family of rank, reduced to distress by the revolution. His youth, his innocent appearance, and the plausibility of his story, every where procured him a favourable reception and relief. He had no passport, but was never asked for one. He became bolder, and attempted likewise to carry on his trade in the towns. He came to Cherbourg, but was soon taken up as a vagrant. His father, the tailor, being apprised of this, hastened to fetch him, and was not a little surprised to find him richly provided with money and jewels. He brought him back to St. Lo, where the brisk young blade did not, however, stay long, but soon ran away a second time, strolled through the department of Calvados, and, having improved both in body and mind, he became more ingeniously inventive in his stories than at first. He sometimes passed for a son of the prince of Monaco, and sometimes for the heir of the duke d'Ursel, in the Netherlands. He thus raised himself, step by step, and, ere long, made himself a relation of Louis XVI, of France, of the emperor Joseph II, and of the king of Prussia. For the sake of his safety, which was threatened, he travelled in women's clothes, pretending that he had just returned from England, where he had been taking some money to his emigrant father.

Many, very many people of rank and education were deceived, for he flattered their former prejudices; the ladies, in particular, showed a decided partiality for him, because he addressed their hearts..... His adventures began to attract some notice, and he was arrested a second time in female attire, and conducted to prison at Bayeux, at the distance of only ten leagues from St. Lo. His father came again to procure his deliverance, which, in consideration of his youth, was indulgently granted, and the lad replaced under paternal authority. He was now to learn the trade of a tailor; an insufferable thought to his mind. He broke loose a third time.

In 1797, he was in the diligence or stage coach, between Laval and Alencon, very plainly and decently habited according to his sex. Not far from the latter place he alighted, and brushed off to a village by the road side, called *Les Joncherts* Being benighted, he begged quarters of a peasant, who directed him to the house of mademoiselle Talon Lacombe for better accommodation. To this lady he declared himself to be one of the family of Montmorency, who had a castle and estates near Dreaux, but was obliged to fly from his persecutors. She conceived a lively interest for his situation, and supplied him with money and clothes, which he promised to repay upon his arrival at Dreaux. Here he lived, for a while, much at his ease, acted the part of a man of quality, and presented, for instance, the hostler, who saddled his riding horse, with a louis-d'or.

At last he felt himself induced to set off, and mademoiselle Lacombe accompanied him to Dreaux, to get back the value of what she had advanced to him. They safely reached the place; but both castle and estates had vanished. Can any thing be more natural? Poorer by fifty louis-d'ors, and richer in experience, the lady returned home.

The young hero continually gained in boldness. In the month of May, 1791, he ventured in the diligence to Meaux, only eight leagues from Paris, and alighted at the inn, where he, indeed, obtained some refreshment, but, having no passport, was refused a night's lodging. The wife of a Paris merchant, Laravine, who happened to be at Meaux, took pity on him, and permitted him to sleep in her warehouse. This en-

couraged him to ask further favours, and he succeeded. He represented himself as a rich farmer's son at Domery, who had fled to avoid being enrolled as a recruit, and madame made him a present of four louis-d'ors, upon which he hired a place in the diligence for Strasburg.

About one league from Chalons he disappeared, and the postillion in vain waited his return. He went to the village of Mery, and wished to make good his story at the castle of Guinancourt; but, being suspected, he was put under arrest, and taken before the justice of peace at Cernon. Being asked who he was, he mysteriously replied, "He had no answer to make to such a question." He was sent to Chalons, where, being asked to give his name, he proudly said, "You will learn it but too soon." At last he said, he was called Louis Antoine Jean Francois de Langueville; that his father was dead, and that his mother, madame Sainte Emilie, lived at Bauzeville, near Pont Audemar, in the department of Eure. It must be confessed that it is impossible to tell a lie more circumstantially.

Confined in the prison of Chalons, Hervagault assumed an air of grandeur, and a mysterious deportment; he tempted the curious, gave significant hints, and, in short, ere long, it was whispered about, "It is the dauphin! the son of Louis XVI!" The jailor himself believed the story, and advanced him money. The wives of two merchants of the town, Saignes and Felize, were initiated in the secret, which soon spread about; and no one any longer doubted. His figure, his manners....."You need but see him," exclaimed the credulous souls, "to recognize him at the very first look." All the inhabitants of Chalons, of the privileged orders, were, by degrees, made confidents and adherents; and they all vied with each other in supporting this last ill-fated offspring of their kings.... His table was daily served with dainties of every description, his rooms were elegantly furnished, masters were given him, the jailor treated him with deference and respect; his prisoner was allowed to walk about as often as he pleased, but always in the disguise of a female; in fine, his dungeon was, as it were, metamorphosed into a pleasure house.

Meanwhile the persons who were let into the secret were not sufficiently discreet. A word dropped here and there, in the gladness of their hearts, aroused the vigilance of the magistrates; and, after this masquerade was played two months, Hervagault was made to undergo stricter examinations. With artifice and gestures that seemed to belie his words, he now declared that he was the son of a tailor at St. Lo. The father was applied to in writing, confirmed the truth of the declaration, and the offender was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. This mild punishment was considered as a victory by those who thought they really knew the secret: during his trial they trembled lest the real origin of the prisoner should not escape discovery. In order to free him from the prying vigilance of the police, they abundantly furnished him with money and jewels, and thus facilitated his retreat. He was very well satisfied with the issue, and now began to act his part at Vire, in the department of Calvados. Here he made but a few proselytes, was soon arrested again, and, with greater severity, doomed to two years imprisonment. As the inhabitants of Vire only considered him as a young vagabond, he would have passed these two years very sorrily, had not his faithful adherents at Chalons continued to support him, on which occasion the consoling madame Saignes conducted the correspondence. This woman really wished him well, and advised him to apply the time of his confinement to the improvement of his education; but he gave way to drinking, and, at the end of two years, left the prison worse than when he entered. Ma-

dame Saignes herself went to fetch him from Vire to Chalons, into the bosom of his faithful and devoted friends. The most splendid preparations were made for his reception. He arrived, received congratulations, had flowers strewed at his feet, and was treated with the most distinguished respect. In short, the horn of plenty was again most copiously poured out on the tailor's son of St. Lo.

When the police discovered these proceedings, his partisans, upon deliberation, found it expedient to send the dauphin on his travels. His route was so contrived that he every where found confidential friends, who, being previously informed of his supposed high birth, showed him all the respect due to that exalted station. He was once at Rheims, twice at Vitry le Francais, and often at different little country seats, where balls, concerts, and feasts of every kind, were given in honour of him. At Vitry he was splendidly and conveniently lodged at the house of madame de Rambecour, whose husband closely followed all his footsteps, waited upon him with the most attentive zeal, and served him like a valet. On St. Louis's day a superb *fete* was prepared for him; it being the feast of the saint whose name he bore. The ladies sung songs composed in honour of him. In the confidential circles which he frequented they always called him *mon prince!* his portrait was handed about as that of the dauphin, and it was reported that the pope himself had imprinted a mark on his leg, to know him again by; finally, a letter was handed about from a bishop, in which that deluded prelate writes in expressions of the profoundest respect for this young vagabond; and, by his example, convinced many who were still wavering in their belief. Already was a court formed round Louis XVII. He had immediately his favourites, and was going to nominate those who were to hold the great offices of his household. Many names of consequence were to be found among them. They all glowed with enthusiasm, and prepared to make the greatest sacrifices. Men of birth and rank deemed themselves fortunate in being able to perform the meanest drudgery of menial service for him. Misers turned spendthrifts, that they might have the honour of entertaining him. It was very natural that such proceedings should not escape the eye of a vigilant police. Fouche was informed, at Paris, of all that was going forward at Vitry; and a warrant put an end to the farce.

But, even when taken into custody, Hervagault conducted himself with a loftiness and dignity that struck all present with a dubious awe. His most downcast confidants surrounded him with the most heartfelt reverence; one of them, highly moved, begged leave to embrace him, and the tailor's son negligently tendered his hand to kiss. The very first night of his incarceration a most splendid feast was given at the prison. Intercessions were made for his release upon bail, but in vain; all that could be obtained was to mitigate, as much as possible, the rigours of his captivity. He was constantly served in the most sumptuous manner, and so accustomed to this high style of living, that once a chicken, a pigeon, with a sallad and custard being served for his supper, he thought proper to find the fare incomplete, and indignantly dashed the mess on the ground.

Admet the notary called him, in his prison, *monseigneur*, and was most graciously rewarded with the appellation of "*Mon petit page, mon petit valet de chambre d'amitie.*" Thus he acted his part dispassionately, and with an air of the utmost importance. Going to mass, a servant carried his prayer-book and cushion. He appointed a secretary, and made him sign, in his name, that of Louis Charles. Where a man bears a great name, said he to the justices, he is sure to be exposed to persecution. The mayor of Vitry, owing to the great

concourse of people, found himself, at last, under the necessity of putting him under closer confinement, and, at the same time, intercepted the enormous supplies of wine and good cheer sent for his use. No person, but those absolutely to attend him, was permitted admission without a ticket.

Meanwhile, his offence was by no means considered in a political view, but merely as a matter belonging to the correctional police, to the enquiry and punishment of which he was accordingly left..... Madame Saignes was likewise taken up as his accomplice; but, there being no proof to convict her, she was acquitted in consequence. Hervagault, in the beginning of the year 1802, was sentenced to four years imprisonment, as a sharper and abuser of the credulity of the people, and confined accordingly in the house of correction at Ostend. Both the delinquent and the attorney-general, though upon different grounds, appealed against this sentence to the government.

The matter was now to be treated at Rheims, when a new and very important actor suddenly burst upon the scene of this tragi-comedy..... There the late L. de S——, bishop de V——, remarkable for his integrity, universally respected for the austerity of his manners, and his profound learning, expressed his conviction, that Hervagault was the real and genuine dauphin. He had even spoke to the surgeons that had anatomised the corpse of the pretended dauphin in the Temple, who had informed him it was not that of the real one. He resolved upon freeing his young monarch from the chains of captivity, lent out considerable sums to effect this purpose, abandoned the very functions of his office, came to Rheims, corresponded with the prisoner by means of the keeper of the jail, and thought himself sure of his being the identical person. The dauphin's death appeared to him a mere political lie of the national convention. He even thought it his duty to give to the neglected prince a good education, and endeavoured to accomplish this end with the purest and sincerest intentions. He sent him, amongst other works, one day, *Le Geni du Christianisme*, by Chateabriant, and the tragedy of Athilla; upon which he received, to his surprise, this answer: "Do you mock me? All this I know by heart."

All the fears of the prelate were, lest the object of his care should be sentenced to transportation. To prevent this, he strained every nerve, and made use of the interest of every friend he could command in Paris. He drew up a list of those persons to whom he intended to entrust the fate of the dauphin. In it were found, among others, the names of Brissac, Necker, madame de Stael, Montesson, Roquelare, Augouleme, Talleyrand, Puys de Segur, Boufflers, La Harpe, &c. Some believed him, some did not; some called him a Blondel, some a Joab. The correspondence was carried on in cyphers. It even went so far that the project was formed to marry the dauphin with a distant relation of the royal family. Hervagault at first seemed to wave the proposal, for he had, according to his own account, sworn the oath of fidelity and affection to the queen of Portugal's most amiable sister; but, from political movements, he yielded, and it was resolved to make levies of men for his service.

But, ere these negociations could possibly ripen, the trial before the criminal tribunal at Rheims was once more publicly revised, and that in the presence of a numerous multitude of people, who all were in favour of the accused, loudly murmured against the prosecuting attorney-general, and, with enthusiastic fervor, applauded the official defender of Hervagault. The judges, however, would not suffer themselves to be misguided, and confirmed the original sentence. While they were deliberating on the subject in another room, the most painful anxiety was depicted in the countenance of every spectator in

court. Hervagault heard his sentence with composure, with a smile of contempt; and his partisans, instead of giving credit to the juridical decision, obstinately persevered in their former preconceived opinion. They continued to wait on him with royal service in the place of his detention. He had by him, amongst other effects, a silver cup, on which the letters L. C. (Louis Charles) were engraved and decorated with an antique French crown. This, he pretended to the jailor, was his cypher.

None of his adherents deserted his cause; on the contrary, their zeal redoubled, and the venerable bishop of V—— always headed them. Nay, the latter did not confine his zeal to presents and good advice, he even resolved most actively to exert himself; and, being informed that it was intended to bring his illustrious pupil from Rheims to Soissons, he determined to rescue him on the road from the hands of his prosecutors. This youthful project of an old head was betrayed; the bishop and his papers were seized; and it evidently appeared, upon proof, that it was his intention to make the tailor's son of St. Lo act the part of the dauphin. The government, however, had compassion on the hoary dotard, and gave him his liberty. Hervagault himself had fared better, if the least prospect of amendment had appeared in his conduct; but, as he formed another junto of partisans at Soissons, it was thought proper to make him disappear.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LINDLEY MURRAY, ESQ.

THIS gentleman's literary character, the extensive circulation of his works, and his solicitude for the guarded education and happiness of young persons, will doubtless render some traits of his history interesting to the public, especially to those who have derived benefit from his writings.

Mr. Murray is a native of Pennsylvania; he was born in the year 1745. His parents were persons of respectable characters, who were solicitous to endue his mind with pious and virtuous principles. He was carefully and regularly educated, and made a rapid progress in learning. His father, who removed to New York, and was a distinguished merchant there, placed him, at the age of fifteen, in his counting house, intending to form him to mercantile business. But this employment not agreeing with young Murray's taste for reading, and desire of improving his mind, he solicited permission to study medicine or law. His father, perceiving his strong bent towards learning, procured for him a private tutor, a person of erudition and respectability, under whose care and direction he closely applied to the liberal studies, and gratifying himself in his favourite pursuits.

At the age of nineteen, he commenced the study of the law, under the auspices of a gentleman eminent in his profession; and he had the happiness of having for his fellow student Mr. Jay, late plenipotentiary to the court of Britain. At the expiration of four years, Mr. Murray was admitted to the bar, and received a licence to practice, both as counsel and attorney, in all the courts of the state of New York. In this profession he continued, with increasing reputation and success, till the troubles in America interrupted all business of this nature. He then removed from New York, and remained some time in the country. But impatient of an inactive life, and desirous of improving his fortune, he returned to the city, and engaged in the mercantile line. By his diligence, abilities, and respectable connections, he acquired, in the course of a few years, a very handsome competency. He then concluded to retire from business, and made a correspondent arrange-

ment of his affairs. He purchased a beautiful country residence, a few miles from the city of New York, where he hoped to enjoy much pleasure in rural occupation, and in the social intercourse of a wide circle of relations and friends. But pleasing prospects soon disappeared; for, not long after his determination to retire, he was arrested by the hand of sickness. The fever with which he was afflicted left a great weakness in his limbs, and his health and strength became so much impaired as to induce him, by the advice of his physicians and friends, to try the air and climate of England.

In the year 1785, he went to England, and, in a short time, found himself considerably relieved in the general state of his health, but not to that degree as to render it prudent for him to return to America.

He settled in Yorkshire, and purchased a house pleasantly situated about a mile from York, where he continues to reside. The weakness of his limbs gradually increased, so that for some years he has found himself incapable of walking more than a few steps in the course of a day, without great inconvenience. He is, however, able to ride in his carriage an hour or two every day, and in summer he is frequently drawn about his garden, in a chair conveniently made for the purpose. To a person distinguished, as Mr. Murray had been, for health, strength, and agility, this confinement must have been, at first, a heavy misfortune. At present, no one would suppose him to be under the influence of affliction. Time and reflection seem to have perfectly reconciled him to his situation.

Deprived of the usual occupations and amusements of life, and of the common occasions of doing good to others, he has very happily and generously turned his attention to compose literary works, for the benefit chiefly of the rising generation. In this benevolent employ he has found great satisfaction, and met with uncommon success. His English Grammar, with the exercises and the key, has been much approved of by the public, and adopted in most of the principal seminaries in England. It has passed through many large editions in that country, and been frequently reprinted in Ireland and America.

The merit of this work, and the high character given of it in the different reviews, induced his booksellers to offer him a very considerable sum for the copy-right, which he thought proper to accept. The copy-right of his Introduction to the English Reader, the English Reader itself, and the Sequel to that work, together with the abridgment of the Grammar, all of which have been much commended for their chaste and judicious execution, were disposed of for very liberal prices. Mr. Murray's latest work is "Le Lecteur Francais," a book on the plan of the English Reader. It has already received some very favourable and respectable public as well as private testimonies, and it bids fair to enhance Mr. Murray's reputation, as a writer who is solicitous to improve the taste and understanding, and to form the heart of his young readers. The copy-right of this work also has been disposed of very advantageously.

But this gentleman's views in writing are not mercenary. Having began his literary career from disinterested motives, he has constantly devoted all the profits of his works to charitable purposes; to the benefit of institutions for the relief of the poor and distressed; to assist the needy in procuring education for their children; and to render comfortable those who are more in straitened circumstances.

The work which Mr. Murray first published, and which appears to afford him peculiar satisfaction, is "The Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the approach of Death." Having been himself struck and edified with the sentiments expressed by a variety of characters, at the most solemn period of life, he naturally thought that others would receive

similar impressions from perusing a collection of such testimonies.... Animated by this expectation, he formed the compilation, and interspersed it with many occasional observations and reflections of his own. The book has passed through eleven editions. The first impression was made wholly at Mr. Murray's own expence, and given away, chiefly in the neighbourhood of his own residence. Perceiving that the work met with approbation, he enlarged and improved it. In its present state it has been much praised, and warmly recommended to the perusal of all classes of readers.

Time thus employed, and the rewards of labour thus distributed, prevent that gloom which ill health and long confinement are so apt to produce, and contribute to render Mr. Murray cheerful and happy, in a situation that many would think must be highly distressing. He appears to make the best of his condition, and to look at the bright side of the objects around him.

He is a member of the society called quakers, and is much respected and esteemed by them; but, in all his writings, he has scrupulously avoided introducing, in any shape, the peculiar tenets of the sect. On moral and religious subjects, he confines himself to the leading principles of piety and virtue, and to the general spirit and precepts of christianity. For this judicious care, as well as for the exemplary chasteness of his works, he has received particular commendation.

He married early in life, but he has no children. Mrs. Murray is a person of great merit and respectability, and is faithfully and tenderly attached to him.

Mr. Murray is as highly distinguished by the excellence of his heart as by the powers of his mind. He is a most affectionate husband, a warm and sincere friend, a pleasing and instructive companion. His sentiments are liberal and refined; and the tenour of his life, in conformity with his writings, demonstrates him to be the uniform, zealous, and judicious friend of virtue and of piety.

LIFE PRESERVER.

From a London paper.

AN experiment was tried lately on the river Thames, to ascertain the utility of this invention, which is intended not only to preserve the lives of those who wear it, but to enable them, from the buoyancy it affords them in the water, to afford relief to others who may be in danger of drowning, and that without hazard to themselves.

At 12 o'clock at noon, six persons, who had previously had the machines girthed on, leaped out of their boats opposite Parliament stairs, Westminster bridge, and afforded a very curious sight to the spectators, the body being in a perpendicular position, the head and upper part of the shoulders only appearing above the water. In this state, their arms, legs, and all their limbs being at perfect liberty, they went down with the tide through Black-friars bridge, surrounded by a great number of boats; they went though the middle of the stream, until they passed Strand-lane, where they came closer on the shore: they then came abreast of the Temple, where they again put off, which they did with no further trouble than a trifling steerage with their hands.

The machine is very simple in contrivance, being composed of eight divisions, each made of strong sheet copper, firmly soldered and japanned, much on the principle of the balls used to float on cisterns: these are connected by straps, and when the machine is put on, the lower girth fastens round the chest; from thence it is rolled up over the breast, but not higher than the arm-pits; from the upper part straps go over the shoulders, and are secured to the girth round the chest. When on, it has much the appearance in shape

of a horse's collar, the large end downwards. It is very safe, because if even two or three of the divisions should by any accident, but which is hardly possible, lose their wind and take water, there will still be buoy enough to keep up the body.

A numerous concourse of spectators, on land and water, appeared very highly pleased with the experiment, which met with complete success.

GEZZAR PACHA.

THE last accounts from Constantinople bring many particulars respecting the present state of Egypt and Syria. Gezzar Pacha, whose object was to attain the supreme authority in Egypt, was succeeded by Ismail Pacha, who acknowledged the supremacy of the porte, but, at the same time, endeavouring to establish himself independent. The particulars which have transpired, relative to Gezzar Pacha, will throw some light upon the politics of the porte and its agents.

The real character of Gezzar Pacha, the tyrant of St. John d'Acre, has never been well known. After a life spent in the commission of the most horrid cruelties and enormities, for the attainment of the supreme authority in a once famous country, this wretch closed his days with the following merciless soliloquy, which he uttered a few moments previous to his decease: "I perceive," said he, "that I have but a short time longer to live; what must I do with those rascals in my prisons? Since I have stripped them of every thing, what good will it do them to let them loose again naked into the world? The greatest part of them were governors and men of consequence in the country, who, if they return to their posts, will be forced to ruin a great many poor people, in order to replace the sums I have taken from them; and so it is best, for their own sakes, and for that of others, that I should dispatch them. They will then soon be in a place where proper care will be taken of them; a very good place, where they will neither be permitted to molest any one, nor be themselves exposed to molestation. Yes, yes, that's best; dispatch them."

In consequence of the above order, twenty-three victims, who had formerly enjoyed the highest stations in Turkey and Egypt, were charitably thrown *en masse* into the sea, as the most expeditious mode of execution; many others were destroyed by the bowstring.

The object of Gezzar was to obtain the whole government of Syria and Egypt. At the time of his death, he had united in his own person the pachalick of Servia, Damascus, and Tripoli, and the nominal viceroyship of Egypt. The pachalick of Aleppo alone remained for the completion of his desire.

Ismail Pacha accompanied the grand army to Egypt, in the year 1800, and being patronized by the Napif Pacha, obtained the dignity of bashaw of three tails; after this he was put into possession of the government of Marash, but did not long hold it, owing to his great extortions, which surpassed every thing formerly practised by Turkish oppression. He was ordered to suffer capital punishment; to effect which, the grand vizier appointed him to the government of Suwas, whilst a plan was concerted to waylay him on his road thither, and bring him in chains to the Turkish camp; the meeting, however, between the assassins and Ismail served only to establish his reputation for extraordinary courage and fortitude; for he displayed such gallantry and vigour on their attack, that they were obliged to fly. He then flew for protection to Gezzar, and was kindly received by that chieftain on his complaining that he suffered from the grand vizier's persecution; he followed the fortunes of Gezzar till within a year and a half prior to the latter's decease, when Ismail lost his favour, and was con-

sequently committed to prison in Acre, where he remained till the day of Gezzar's decease. Gezzar, having no children, considered Ismail as a man fit to inherit his wealth and power, as he had been bred up in a rancorous hatred to the grand vizier, and in independence of the porte.

As Gezzar lay on his death bed, he sent for Ismail Pacha from his confinement, who had so little expectation of the change of fortune that awaited him, that he requested to be allowed a few moments to prepare himself for death. On his being brought into Gezzar's presence, he would have begged for mercy, but Gezzar said, "there, I leave you plenty of troops, plenty of money to pay them, and good fortifications to fight in. If you are a man, you will keep them, and my enemies shall have no reason to exult in my death."

Immediately on the death of Gezzar, Ismail seized on the reins of government, and the most perfect obedience ensued in the neighbouring provinces. He however declared that he held the government only until the will of the porte should be known, and, in consequence, affixed the public seal to the immense magazines of treasures left by the deceased.

When the last accounts left Constantinople, the captain bashaw had taken the city of St. Jean D'Acre out of the hands of Ismail Pacha; the latter, however, was expected shortly to be reinstated in his authority.

TRISTRAM SHANDY CHARACTERIZED BY RICHARDSON.

Letter from S. Richardson to the Rev. Mr. Hildesley.

London, Sept. 24, 1761.

HAPPY are you in your retirement, where you read what books you chuse, either for instruction or entertainment; but, in this foolish town, we are obliged to read every foolish book that fashion renders prevalent in conversation, and I am horribly out of humour with the present taste, which makes people ashamed to own they have not read, what, if fashion did not authorise, they would, with more reason, blush to say they had read! Perhaps some polite person, from London, may have forced this piece into your hands; but give it not a place in your library; let not Tristram Shandy be ranked among the well chosen authors there. It is, indeed, a little book, and little is its merit, though great has been the writer's reward! Unaccountable wildness, whimsical digressions, comical incoherencies, all with an air of novelty, has catched the reader's attention, and applause has flown from one to another, till it is almost singular to disapprove: even the bishops admire and recompence his wit, though his own character, as a clergyman, seems much impeached by printing such gross and vulgar tales, as no decent mind can endure without extreme disgust! Yet I will do him justice; and, if forced by friends, or led by curiosity, you have read, and laughed, and almost cried at Tristram, I will agree with you, that there is subject for mirth, and some affecting strokes; Yorick, Uncle Toby, and Trim are admirably characterized, and very interesting, and an excellent sermon, of a peculiar kind, on conscience, is introduced; and I most admire the author for his judgment in seeing the town's folly, in the extravagant praises, and praises heaped on him, for he says, he passed unnoticed by the world till he put on a fool's coat, and since that every body admires him!

But mark my prophecy, that, by another season, his performance will be as much decried as it is now extolled, for it has not intrinsic merit sufficient to prevent its sinking, when no longer upheld by the short-lived breath of fashion: and yet another prophecy I utter, that this

ridiculous compound will be the cause of many more productions, witless and humourless, perhaps, but indecent and absurd, till the town will be punished for undue encouragement, by being poisoned with disgustful nonsense.

LETTERS BY DR. JOHNSON, LATELY PUBLISHED BY MRS. BARBAULD.

To S. Richardson.

DEAR SIR, March 9, 1750-1.

THOUGH Clarissa wants no help from external splendour, I was glad to see her improved in her appearance, but more glad to find that she was now got above all fears of prolixity, and confident enough of success to supply whatever had hitherto been suppressed. I never, indeed, found a hint of any such defalcation, but I regretted it; for, though the story is long, every letter is short.

I wish you would add an *index rerum*, that when the reader recollects any incident, he may easily find it, which at present he cannot do, unless he knows in which volume it is told; for Clarissa is not a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside for ever, but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious; and therefore I beg that this edition, by which I suppose posterity is to abide, may want nothing that can facilitate its use.

—

DEAR SIR, Sept. 26, 1753.

I return you my sincerest thanks for the volumes of your new work*, but it is a kind of tyrannical kindness to give only so much at a time, as makes more longed for; but that will probably be thought even of the whole, when you have given it.

I have no objection but to the preface, in which you first mention the letters as fallen by some chance into your hands, and afterwards mentioned your health as such, that you almost despaired of going through your plan. If you were to require my opinion which part should be changed, I should be inclined to the suppression of that part which seems to disclaim the competition. What is modesty, if it deserts from truth? of what use is the disguise by which nothing is concealed?

You must forgive this, because it is meant well.

I thank you once more, dear sir, for your books; but cannot I prevail this time for an index? Such I wished, and shall wish, to Clarissa. Suppose that in one volume an accurate index was made to the three works: but while I am writing, an objection arises; such an index to the three would look like the preclusion of a fourth, to which I will never contribute: for, if I cannot benefit mankind, I hope never to injure them.

* Sir Charles Grandison.

SKETCH OF JOSEPH CAPPER, ESQ.

THIS gentleman was, perhaps, the most eccentric character living since the celebrated Elwes. He was born in Cheshire, of humble parents. His family being numerous, he came to London at an early age, as he used to say, to shift for himself, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. Capper soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life, that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and never betrayed it.

Being of an enterprising spirit, Mr. Capper commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane. His old master was his only friend, and recom-

mended him so strongly to the dealers in his line, that credit to a very large amount was given to him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to enable him to decline all business whatever.

Mr. Capper, having now lost his old master, was resolved to lead a sedentary life. This best suited his disposition; for although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion..... For several days he walked about the vicinity of London, searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns, at Kennington, took a chop, and spent the day, and asked for a bed in his usual blunt manner, when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. Capper was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the growling fellow, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wished to be considered a customer only for the day. For many years he talked about quitting this residence the next day. His manner of living was so methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favourite cup. He was equally particular with respect to knives and forks, plates, &c.

In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and, when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apartments without the assitance of any light. At breakfast he arranged, in a peculiar way, the parapharnalia of the tea-table, but first of all he would read the newspapers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon-peel, and porter, mixed together: the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner..... From this economical plan he never deviated. His bill for a fortnight amounted regularly to 4*l.* 18*s.* He called himself the champion of government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as declaiming against the British constitution. In the parlour he kept his favourite chair, and there he would often amuse himself with satirizing the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it, whenever he could say any thing ill-natured.

Mr. Capper's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious; he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would enquire; when being answered in the affirmative he would add, "tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the sum they want; and if ever I hear they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling."

Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan: "I wish," said he, "to serve you, Townsend; you seem an industrious fellow; but how is it to be done, Mr. Townsend? I have sworn never to lend, I must therefore give it thee:" which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer to him every comfort the

house would afford; and what was perhaps more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities.

Mr. Capper was elected steward of the parlour fire, and if any person were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In summer time, a favourite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane; but, as he was sensible of the ill opinion this would produce among the bye-standers, he would, with great ingenuity, introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom," says he, "I hate and detest, and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about in all quarters of the room.

This truly eccentric character lived to the age of 77, in excellent health, and it was not until two days before his death that a visible alteration was perceived in him. Having risen at an earlier period than usual, he was observed to walk about the house, exceedingly agitated and convulsed. Mr. Townsend pressed him to suffer medical assistance to be sent for, which Mr. Capper then, and at all times, had a great aversion to. He asked for a pen and ink, evinced great anxiety to write, but could not. Mr. Townsend, apprehending his dissolution nigh, endeavoured, but in vain, to get permission to send for Mr. Capper's relations, and tried to obtain their address for that purpose. He refused, saying that he should be better. On the second day, seeing no hopes of recovery, Mr. Townsend called in four respectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and had seals put upon all Mr. Capper's property. One of the four gentlemen recollected the address of Mr. Capper's two nephews of the name of Dutton, who were immediately sent for. They resided in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane.

As soon as the old gentleman's dissolution had taken place, his desks, trunks, and boxes were opened by the Messrs. Duttons and their lawyer; when they found 100*l.* in bank notes, a few guineas, a great many government securities, and a will; which the parties present proceeded to read. It was curiously worded, and made in the back of a sheet of banker's checks. It was dated five years back, and the bulk of his property, which was then upwards of 30,000*l.*, he left equally amongst his poor relations. The two nephews were nominated executors, and were bequeathed between them 8000*l.*, in the three per cents. What has become of all the property which has been accumulating since the will was made, does not appear. From Mr. Capper's declaration in his lifetime, there was reason to suppose he had made another will, as the one found did not appear to be witnessed.

REPORT TO THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW JERSEY ON THE MANUFACTURING SOCIETY AT PATTERSON, IN THAT STATE.

THE number of shares originally subscribed were four thousand, at one hundred dollars each; seventeen hundred have been forfeited, two thousand three hundred shares have been paid. The original stock, two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, has been expended in erecting the works, and in fruitless attempts to carry them on: there now remains of the original stock unexpended twenty thousand dollars, put out at interest. I have made a faithful enquiry in order to find the books containing the particular items of expenditures, but have not come at them. I was informed these accounts were in the hands of a person who is gone into the western country. During the time the works were carried on by the society, there were no rents or profits

arising, but a considerable loss in capital.

	Dolls.	*Cts.*
In the year 1800, part of the lands, houses, and machinery were rented out for the sum of	268	38
The year 1801, at	420	37
The year 1802, at	255	00
The year 1803, at	1,146	50
The year 1804, at	1,390	62
Amount of rents for five years	3,520	87
There has been expended for repairs and erecting one new house	2,100	00
One person employed to superintend the business, at two hundred and fifty dollars per year	1,250	00
	3,350	00
Remains unexpended on the last five years' rents	170	37
There are belonging to the society seven hundred and fifty acres of land, valued at thirty dollars per acre	22,500	00
One mill seat leased to Kinsey and Crane, for seventy-five dollars per year, making a principal of	1,071	43
The dwelling houses, shops, and out houses, fifteen in number, valued at	7,500	00
One grist mill, and new saw mill	2,500	00
MACHINERY.		
Fourteen carding machines, value	2,100	00
Eight drawing and roving machines	340	00
Seventeen frames for spinning, &c.	4,000	00
Six mules with eight hundred and eighty-two spindles	1,379	00
Ten jennies, with seven hundred and fifty-one spindles	550	00
Two batting frames, with reels	340	00
The large machinery to drive the whole	2,500	00
The manufacturing house	6,000	00
The weaving, bleaching, and printing apparatus, with the looms and warping	150	00
The chemical bleaching apparatus	60	00
Two capares and singing machines	120	00
Stoves and boilers	100	00
Sundry tools, timber, lumber, &c.	250	00
	51,446	00
Of the original stock unexpended	20,000	00
	71,446	00

The society have leased one mill seat to Kinsey and Crane for seventy-five dollars per year, on which they have erected a paper mill..... There is room for forty others, equally as good, which, at some future time, will become valuable; at present the value cannot be ascertained.

JOHN DODD.

October, 1804.

GENERAL HAMILTON.

GENERAL HAMILTON'S grandfather, Alexander Hamilton, Esq., of Grange, in Ayrshire, married Elizabeth Pollock, daughter of sir Robert Pollock, in Renfrewshire, by whom he had a very numerous family. The general's father, James Hamilton, being the fourth son, was obliged to seek his fortune in the West Indies, when the general was born in the island of St. Vincent's. His mother was an American lady, and to her relations at New York he was sent, at the age of sixteen, for his education. After attending the college at New York for three years, he entered the American army as captain of artillery, and, soon after, by general Washington's invitation, became his aid-de-camp, in which station he

served until the capture of lord Cornwallis' army, at York Town, in Virginia. In 1780 he married the second daughter of general Schuyler, a gentleman of one of the most respectable families in America.

CLIMATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE inhabitants of Britain, in the southern part of the kingdom, enjoy the light of the sun, at the winter solstice, for eight hours, and at the summer, sixteen; on the borders of Scotland, the shortest day is six hours and a half, and the longest seventeen and a half; but, in the northernmost of the Shetland isles, the shortest day is only four hours and three quarters, while the longest extends to nineteen and a quarter: indeed here the inhabitants see to read at midnight.

A table of the mean annual and monthly temperatures, which the atmosphere, in the different latitudes of the country, has a tendency to observe, gives the following results: from which it will be seen, that the climate is, in general, milder than could have been expected in so northerly a latitude, owing to insular situation, high state of cultivation, and, perhaps, to other causes.

Lat.	50	53	56	59	61
Annual	52.9	50.2	47 5	45.09	43.5
January	42.5	40	37	34	32
April	52.9	50.2	47.5	45.09	43.5
July	63.5	61	58	56.5	55.5
October	50.5	48	45	42	40

The average quantity of water supposed to be evaporated from the surface of the globe, in the course of a year, is 35 inches: in Britain, it is calculated at about 30; whereas the mean quantity of rain in that country is found to be 32,532 cubic inches.

In Ireland, and the western coasts of Britain, the quantity of rain is much greater than on the eastern coasts of England and Scotland, arising probably from the vicinity of the former to the vast Atlantic.

PUBLIC PLACES AT PARIS IN 1802.

UNDER the monarchy, nothing like the present number, which amounts to seventy, was ever known. Such a variety of amusements is almost incredible, in the midst of a war, unexampled in its consumption of blood and treasure. It proves that, whatever may have been the public distress, there was at least a great *show* of private opulence. Indeed a spirit of indifference, prodigality, and dissipation, seemed to pervade every class of society..... Placed at the bottom or top of Fortune's wheel, a thirst of gain and want of economy were alike conspicuous among all ranks. Those who strained every nerve to obtain riches, squandered them with equal profusion.

No beings can be fonder of diversion than the Parisians. Like the Romans, they are content with *panem et circenses*, which a Frenchman would render by *spectacles et de quoi manger*. On the score of amusement, at least, the republic is one and indivisible. In times of the greatest scarcity, many went dinnerless to the theatre, eating whatever scrap they could procure, and consoling themselves with being amused for the evening, and saving fire and candle at home.

The following list of public places, though fewer than existed here two years ago, will show the ardour of the Parisians for "running at the ring of pleasure." Few of these are shut up, except for the winter; and new ones succeed to such as are finally relinquished.

Theatre des Arts
——— Francais
——— Feydeau
——— Louvois

Theatre Favart, *now* Opera Buffa
——— de la Porte St. Martin
——— de la Societe Olympique, *late* Opera Buffa.
——— du Vaudeville
——— Montansier
——— de l'Ambigu Comique
——— de la Gaiete
——— des Jeunes Artistes
——— des Jeunes eleves
——— des Delassemens Comiques
——— sans Pretension
——— du Marais
——— de la Cite
——— des Victoires
——— de Moliere
——— de l'Estrapade
——— de Mareux
——— des Aveugles
——— de la Rue St. Jean de Beauvais
Bal masque de l'Opera
——— de l'Opera Buffa
Bal du Sallon des Etrangers
— de l'Hotel de Salm
— de la Rue Michaudiere
Soirees amusantes de l'Hotel Longueville
Viellees de la Cite
Phantasmagorie de Robertson
Concert de Feydeau
Ranelagh au bois de Buologne
Tivoli
Frascati
Idalie
Hameau de Chantilly
Paphos
Vauxhall d'hiver
——— d'ete
——— a Mousseaux
——— a St. Cloud
——— au Petit Trianon
Jardin de l'hotel Biron
——— Thelusson
——— Marbœuf
——— de l'hotel d'Orsay
Fetes champetres de Bagatelle
La Muette
Colisee
Amphitheatre d'equitation de Franconi
Panorama
Exhibition de Curtius
Experiences Physiques
La Chaumiere
Cabinet de demonstration de Physiologie et de Pathologie.

Before the revolution, Paris could boast of no more than three principal theatres, exclusively of *l'Opera Buffa*, introduced in 1788. These were *l'Opera*, *les Francais*, and *les Italiens*, which, with six inferior ones, called *petits spectacles*, made up ten in the whole. The subaltern houses were checked by the privileges granted to the *Comedie Francaise*, which alone had the right to play first-rate productions: it also possessed that of censorship, and sometimes exercised it in the most despotic manner. Authors, bickering with comedians, who dictated the law to them, solicited in vain for a second French theatre. The revolution took place, and the unlimited number of theatres was presently decreed. Many new ones were opened; but novelty dispersing the amateurs, the number of spectators did not always equal the expectation of the managers; the profits, so much divided, proved insufficient for them all, and several were soon reduced to baukruptcy.

Three theatres of the first and second rank have been destroyed by fire within two years, yet upwards of twenty are at present open, almost every night, besides several associations of self-denominated *artistes-amateurs*.

Amidst this glare of dramatic wealth, theatres of the first rank have imperceptibly declined, and at last fallen. The *Theatres Favart* and *Feydeau*, at which French comic operas were chiefly represented, have been obliged to unite their strength, and their disgrace has not affected any of those which do not disdain scenes more coarse, and language more unpolished.

At present (1802), government appears to have taken this decline of the principal theatres into consideration. It is rumoured that the stage is to be subjected to its former restrictions. The benefit resulting to the art itself, and to the public, from rivalship, is questioned, and

some assert, that the direction of the *gentilhommes de la chambre* was, in general, beneficial. Formerly, the theatres were under the controul of the *gentilhommes de la-chambre*, but, at the establishment of the directorial government, they were placed in the power of the minister of the interior, in whose department they have since continued. Of late, however, it is asserted, that they are to be under the direction of a prefect of the palace.

Doubtless, the liberty introduced by the revolution has been, in some respects, abused. But why should we fall into a contrary excess, and resort to arbitrary measures, which are equally liable to be abused? Their number may justify the interference of the government; but the liberty of representing pieces of all kinds, such only excepted as may be hurtful to morals, seems to be a salutary and incontestible principle. By disengaging the French comic opera from the narrow sphere to which it was confined, this licence has effected a musical revolution, at which all persons of taste must rejoice, by introducing on that stage the harmonic riches of Italy. This too has produced, on theatres of the second and third rank, pieces deficient, neither in regularity, connexion, representation, nor decoration. Before the revolution, the spirit of dramatic authors was fettered by a set of privileged comedians, who discouraged them by ungracious refusals, or disgusted them by unjust preferences. Hence the old adage in France, that, when an author had composed a good piece, he had performed but half his task; the more difficult half of getting it read and represented still remained to be accomplished.

It certainly belongs to the government to limit their number, not by privileges which might be granted through favour, or obtained, perhaps, for money. The taste of the public being known, the population should first be considered, as that which furnishes both money and spectators. It would be easy to ascertain the proportion between the population of the capital and the due number of its theatres. But all public places should be free as to the species of amusement. All would then be well attended, and all concerned secure against the consequences of failure, and the true interest of the art be likewise promoted. Neither absolute independence nor exclusive privilege should prevail, but a middle course be adopted, to fix the fate of those great scenic establishments, which, forming an essential part of public diversion, have great influence on the morals of the nation.

The playhouses have been well attended this winter, particularly the principal ones; but, in Paris, every rank has not exactly its theatre as at a ball. From the *spectacles* on the *Boulevards* to those of the first and second rank, there is a mixed company. Formerly, the lower classes confined themselves to the former, but now they visit the latter. An increase of wages has enabled the labourer to gratify himself with some kinds of luxury, and he now takes a peep at those scenes, of which he before acquired, from hearsay, but imperfect notions.

If you wish to see a new or favourite piece, you must not neglect to secure a seat early, for, on such occasions, the house is full long before the curtain rises. You cannot take places as in England, except you take a box, which is expensive. In that case you pay for it at the time you engage it, and it is kept locked till you make your appearance..... Besides the boxes reserved for the officers of the staff of the city of Paris, and those at the head of the police, who have free admission to all the *spectacles*, on producing their ivory ticket, there is a box at each appropriated to the minister of public instruction.

In Paris you are kept outside of the house till you receive a ticket for your money, through a hole in the wall. A few paces from the door of the principal theatres are two receiver's offices, which are no

sooner open, than candidates for admission begin to form long ranks, extending from the portico into the very street, and advance to them two abreast in regular succession. A steady sentinel, posted at the aperture, repeats your wishes to the receiver in a mild, conciliating manner. Other sentinels are stationed for the preservation of order, under the immediate eye of the officer, who sees that every one has his turn; however, it is not uncommon for forestallers to procure a certain number of them, especially for a new or favourite piece, and offer them privately at a usurious price, which many are glad to pay rather than fall in the rear.

The method I take is this: having informed myself what *spectacle* is worth seeing, while at dinner I send my *valet de place*, or desire him to dispatch a *commissionnaire* for the tickets wanted, so that when I arrive, I have only to walk in, and place myself to the best advantage.

It is wise not to establish the receiver's offices inside of the house, as in our theatres. By this plan, however great the crowd, the entrance is always unobstructed, and those violent struggles and pressures, which have cost the lives of many, are effectually prevented..... No half price is taken, but in different parts of the house there are *bureaux de supplement*, where, if you want to pass from one part to another, you exchange your counter-mark on paying the difference.

Nothing can be better regulated both inside and out. You are not shocked, as formerly, by the presence of black-whiskered grenadiers, occupying different parts of the house, and, by their inflexible sternness, awing the spectators into a suppression of their feelings. No fusileer, with fixed bayonet and piece loaded with ball, now dictates to the pit that such a seat must hold so many, though some among them might be as broad-bottomed as Dutchmen. If you find yourself incommoded by heat or pressure, you are at liberty to declare it, without giving offence. Criticism is no longer silenced by a military despot, who, for an exclamation or gesture, not exactly coinciding to his liking, pointed him out to his myrmidons, and transferred him at once to prison.

This despotism has been denied: but I will relate an instance of it.

Some years ago, I was present at the *Theatre Francais*, when, in one of Corneille's pieces, mademoiselle Raucourt, the tragic actress, was particularly negligent in the delivery of a passage, in which justice to the author required the nicest discrimination. An amateur in the *parterre* reproved her, in a very gentle manner, for a wrong emphasis. Being, at this time, a favourite of the queen, she was, it seems, superior to admonition, and persisted in her misplaced shrieks, till it became evident that she set the audience at defiance. Others joined in expressing their disapprobation. Instantly the *major* singled out the leading critic: two grenadiers forced their way to the place where he was seated, and conveyed him to prison, for having had the audacity to reprove an actress in favour at court. From such improper exercise of authority, the following verse had become a proverb:

"*Il est bien des sifflets, mais nous avons la garde.*"

A guard outside of a theatre is necessary for preserving order; but that the audience should not be at liberty to approve or condemn such a passage or actor, is to stifle the expression of that general opinion which alone can produce good performers. The interior police of the theatre being, at present, almost entirely in the hands of the public themselves, it is more justly observed and duly respected.

Considering the natural impetuosity of their character, one is surprised at the patient tranquility with which the French range themselves in their places. Seldom do they interrupt the performance by loud talk, but converse in a whisper.

When one sees them applaud, with rapture, a tender scene, which breathes sentiments of humanity or compassion, one is tempted to question whether the Parisians of the present day belong to the identical race that could, at one time, display the ferocity of tygers, and, at another, the tameness of lambs, while their nearest relations and best friends were daily bleeding on the scaffold.

No theatre can be opened without the permission of the police, who depute proper persons to ascertain that the house is solidly built, the passages and outlets unincumbered and commodious, and that it is provided with reservoirs of water, and an adequate number of fire-engines.

Every public place is shut up immediately, if, for a single day, the proprietors neglect to keep the reservoirs full of water, the engines in proper order, and the fire-men ready.

No persons can be admitted behind the scenes, except those in the service of the theatre; nor must the tickets distributed exceed that of the persons the house can conveniently hold.

No coachman, under any pretext, can quit the reins of his horses, while the persons he has driven are getting out of or into their carriage. Indeed the necessity of his doing so is obviated by porters stationed at the door of the theatres, and appointed by the police. They are distinguished by a brass plate, on which their permission and the name of the theatre are engraved.

At every theatre there is an exterior guard, at the disposal of the *civil* officer, stationed there for the preservation of order. This guard cannot enter the theatre unless the safety of the public is endangered, and at the express requisition of the said officer, who must first, in a loud voice, apprize the audience of his intention.

All are bound to obey, *provisionally*, the officer of police. Every one invited, or summoned by him to quit the house, is immediately to repair to the police-office of the theatre, in order to give such explanations as may be required of him, whence he may either transfer him to the competent tribunal, or set him at liberty, according to circumstances.

Proper places are appointed for carriages to wait at. When the play is ended, no carriage in waiting can move till the first crowd coming out of the house has disappeared. The commanding officer of the guard on duty decides the moment when carriages may be called.

No carriage can move quicker than a foot-pace, and but on a single rank, till it has got clear of the streets in the vicinity of the theatre. Nor can it arrive thither but by the streets appointed for that purpose.

Two hours before the rising of the curtain, sentinels are placed in sufficient number to execute these orders, and prevent any obstruction in the different avenues of the theatre.

Indeed, obstruction is now seldom seen: I have more than once had the curiosity to count, and cause to be counted, all the *private* carriages in waiting at the grand French opera, on a night when the boxes were filled with the most fashionable company. Neither I nor my *valet de place* could ever reckon more than from forty to fifty; whereas, formerly it was not uncommon to see here between two and three hundred; and the noise of so many equipages rattling through the streets, from each of the principal theatres, sufficiently indicated that the performance was ended.

A PARIS BALL.

By a traveller, in 1802.

IN this gay capital, balls succeed to balls in an almost incredible variety. There are an immense num-

ber every evening, so that persons fond of dancing have full scope for the exercise of their talents in Paris. It is no longer a matter of surprise to me that the French women dance so well, since I find they take frequent lessons from their master, and almost every night they are at a dance of one kind or another. The same set of dances lasts the whole season, and go where you will, you have a repetition of the same thing. However, this detracts not, in the smallest degree, from the merit of those who shine as first-rate dancers. The mechanical part of the business they may thus acquire by constant practice; but the decorative part, if I may so term the fascinating grace which they display in all their movements, is that the result of study, or do they hold it from the bounteous hand of Nature?

I have been at several private balls, in which pleasure, not profit, was the motive for which they were given, and the company was select. In this line madame Recamier takes the lead; but though her balls are more splendid, those of madame Soubiran are more agreeable. On the 21st of Frimaire (December 12th), I was at a public ball, of the most brilliant kind now known in Paris. It was the first of the subscription given this season, and, from the name of the apartment where it is held, it is styled the *Bal du Salon des Etrangers.*

Midnight is the general hour for the commencement of such diversions; but, owing to the long train of carriages setting down company at this ball, it was near two o'clock before I could arrive at the scene of action, in the *Rue Grange Bateliere*, near the Boulevards.

After I alighted, and presented my ticket, some time elapsed before I could squeeze into the room where the dancing was going forward..... The spectators were here so intermixed with the dancers, that they formed around them a border as complete as a frame to a picture. It is astonishing that, under such circumstances, a Parisian Terpsichore, far from being embarrassed, lays fresh claim to your applause. With mathematical precision, she measures with her eye the space to which she is restricted by the curiosity of the by-standers. Rapid as lightning, she springs forward till the measure recalling her to the place she left, she traces her orbit, like a planet, at the same time revolving on her axis. Sometimes her "light, fantastic toe" will approach within half an inch of your foot; nay, you shall almost feel her breath on your cheek, and still she will not touch you, except, perhaps, with the skirt of her floating tunic.

Among the female part of the company, I observed several lovely women; some who might have been taken for Asiatic sultanas, irradiating the space around them by the dazzling brilliancy of their ornaments; others without jewels, but calling in every other aid of dress for the embellishment of their person; and a few, rich in their native charms alone, verifying the expression of the poet.

In a well-educated French woman, there is an ease, an affability, a desire to please and be pleased, which not only render her manners peculiarly engaging, but also influence her gait, her gestures, her whole deportment in short, and captivate admiration. Her natural cheerfulness and vivacity spread over her features an animation seldom to be found in our English fair, whose general characteristics are reserve and coldness. Hence that striking expression which exhibits the grace of the French women to superior advantage.

Three of the most remarkable women in the ball-room were madame la princesse de Santa-Croce, who displayed more diamonds than any of her competitors; mademoiselle Lescot, who was the best dancer among several ladies renowned for dancing; and madame Tallien, who was, on the whole, the handsomest female that I saw in the room.

I had previously seen madame

Tallien at the *Opera Buffa*, and was struck by her appearance, before I knew who she was. On seeing her again at the *Salon des Etrangers*, I inquired of a French lady of my acquaintance, whose understanding and discernment are pre-eminent, if madame Tallien had nothing to recommend her but her personal attractions? "In madame Tallien," said she, "beauty, wit, goodness of heart, grace, talents, all are united. In a gay world, where malice subsists in all its force, her inconsistencies alone have been talked of, without any mention being made of the numerous acts of beneficence, which have balanced, if they have not effaced, her weakness..... Would you believe," continued she, "that, in Paris, the grand theatre of misconduct, where moral obligations are so much disregarded, where we daily commit actions which we condemn in others; would you believe, that madame Tallien experiences again and again the mortification of being deprived of the society of this or that woman, who has nothing to boast of but her depravity, and cannot plead one act of kindness, or even indulgence?..... This picture is very dark," added she, "but the colouring is true." "What you tell me," observed I, "proves that, notwithstanding the irruption of immorality, attributed to the revolution, it is still necessary for a woman to preserve appearances at least, in order to be received here in what is termed the best company." "Yes, indeed," replied she; "if a woman neglects that main point in Paris, she will soon find herself lowered in the opinion of the fashionable world, and be at last excluded from even the secondary circles. In London, your people of fashion are not quite so rigid." "If a husband chooses to wink at his wife's incontinence," rejoined I, "the world on our side of the water is sufficiently complaisant to follow his example. Now, with you, character is made to depend more on the observance of etiquette, and certainly hypocrisy, when detected, is of more prejudice to society than bare-faced profligacy." The lady then resumed thus concerning the subject of my inquiry. "Were some people to hear me," said she, "they might think that I had drawn you a flattering portrait of madame Tallien, and say, by way of contrast, when the devil became old, he turned hermit; but I should answer, that, for some years, no twenty-four hours have elapsed without persons, whom I could name on occasion, having begun their daily career by going to see her, who saved their life, when, to accomplish that object, she hazarded her own."

Here then is an additional instance of the noble energy manifested by women, during the most calamitous periods of the revolution. Unappalled by the terrors of captivity or of death, their sensibility impelled them to brave the ferocity of sanguinary tyrants, in order to administer hope or comfort to a parent, a husband, a relation, or a friend. Some of these heroines, though in the bloom of youth, not content with sympathizing in the misfortunes of others, gave themselves up as a voluntary sacrifice, rather than survive those whose preservation they valued more than their own existence. Rome may vaunt her Porcia or her Cornelia; but the page of her history can produce no such exaltation of the female character as has been exhibited, within the last ten years, by French women. Examples like these, of generosity, fortitude, and greatness of soul, deserve to be recorded to the end of time, as they do honour to the sex, and to human nature.

If, according to the scale of Parisian enjoyment, a ball or rout is dull or insipid, *a moins qu'on ne manque d'y etre etouffe*, how supreme must have been the satisfaction of the company at the *Salon des Etrangers!* The number present, estimated at seven or eight hundred, occasioned so great a crowd, that it was by no means an easy enterprise

to pass from one room to another. Of course, there was no opportunity of viewing the apartments to advantage: however, I saw enough of them to remark that they formed a suite elegantly decorated. Some persons amused themselves with cards, though the great majority neither played nor danced, but were occupied in conversing with their acquaintance. There was no regular supper, but substantial refreshments of every kind were to be procured on paying, and other smaller ones gratis.

From the tickets not being transferable, and the bearer's name being inserted in each of them, the company was far more select than it could have been without such a restriction. Most of the foreign ambassadors, envoys, &c. were present, and many of the most distinguished persons of both sexes in Paris. More regard was paid to the etiquette of dress at this ball than I have ever witnessed here on similar occasions. The ladies were all *en grande toilette*, and the men with cocked hats, and in shoes and stockings, which is a novelty here, I assure you, as they mostly appear in boots.

A circumstance which occurred there, from the extravagant credulity it exhibits, as to the effects of sympathy, may amuse you.

A widow, about twenty years of age, more to be admired for the symmetry of her person than for the beauty of her features, had, according to the prevailing custom, intrusted her pocket-handkerchief to the care of a male friend, a gentleman-like young Frenchman of my acquaintance. After dancing, the lady, finding herself rather warm, applied for her handkerchief, with which she wiped her forehead, and returned it to the gentleman, who again put it into his pocket. He then danced, but not with her; and, being also heated, he, by mistake, took out the lady's handkerchief, which, when applied to his face, produced, as he fancied, such an effect on him, that, though he had previously regarded her with a sort of indifference, from that moment she engaged all his attention, and he was unable to direct his eyes, or even his thoughts, to any other object.

Some philosophers, as is well known, have maintained, that from all bodies there is an emanation of corpuscles, which, coming into contact with our organs, make on the brain an impression, either more or less sympathetic, or of a directly opposite nature. They tell you, for instance, that of two women whom you behold for the first time, the one the least handsome will sometimes please you most, because there exists a greater *sympathy* between you and her than between you and the more beautiful woman. Without attempting to refute this absurd doctrine of corpuscles, I shall only observe, that this young Frenchman is completely smitten, and declares that no woman in the world can be compared to the widow.

This circumstance reminds me of a still more remarkable effect, ascribed to a similar cause, experienced by Henry III of France. The marriage of the king of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV, with Marguerite de Valois, and that of the prince de Conde with Marie de Cleves, was celebrated at the *Louvre*, on the 10th of August, 1572. Marie de Cleves, then a most lovely creature, only sixteen, after dancing much, finding herself incommoded by the heat of the ball-room, retired to a private apartment, where one of the waiting-women of the queen-dowager, seeing her in a profuse perspiration, persuaded her to make an entire change of dress. She had scarcely left the room, when the duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III, who had also danced a great deal, entered it to adjust his hair, and, being overheated, wiped his face with the first thing that he found, which happened to be the chemise she had just taken off. Returning to the ball, he fixed his eyes on her, and contemplated her with as much surprise as if he had never

before beheld her. His emotion, his transports, and the attention which he began to pay her, were the more extraordinary, as during the preceding week, which she had passed at court, he appeared indifferent to those very charms, which now made on his heart an impression so warm and so lasting. In short, he became insensible to every thing that did not relate to his passion.

His election to the crown of Poland, say historians, far from flattering him, appeared to him an exile; and when he was in that kingdom, absence, far from diminishing his love, seemed to increase it. Whenever he addressed the princess, he pricked his finger, and never wrote to her but with his blood. No sooner was he informed of the death of Charles IX, than he dispatched a courier to assure her that she should soon be queen of France; and, on his return, his thoughts were solely bent on dissolving her marriage with the prince de Conde, which, on account of the latter being a protestant, he expected to accomplish. But this determination proved fatal to the princess; for, shortly after, she was attacked by a violent illness, attributed to poison, which carried her off in the flower of her age.

No words can paint Henry's despair at this event: he passed several days in tears and groans, and when he was at length obliged to show himself in public, he appeared in deep mourning, and entirely covered with emblems of death, even to his very shoe-strings.

The princess de Conde had been dead upwards of four months, and buried in the abbey-church of *St. Germain-des-Pres*, when Henry, on entering the abbey, whither he was invited to a grand entertainment given there by cardinal de Bourbon, felt such violent tremblings at his heart, that, not being able to endure their continuance, he was going away; but they ceased all at once, on the body of the princess being removed from its tomb, and conveyed elsewhere for that evening.

A NEW MODE OF SCANDAL.

A BLIND man of Paris, retiring in the dusk to his hovel, after having spent the day in begging, with little success, was accosted by a person, who told him, that if he would go home with him, he should find his account in it. The blind man joyfully consented to be conducted to his new friend's house, and was thus addressed by him: "I am not rich, and yet wish to show charity to the poor, which I have no other possibility of doing, unless by giving them parcels of tales and novels, which I compose, to sell at a very moderate price, for their own benefit. Here, my friend, is a good parcel of them, which you shall dispose of at the rate of two-pence each, although they are intrinsically worth thrice the money." The poor fellow, after loudly expressing his gratitude, groped his way home, exulting, and sallied out the next morn, to enjoy the profits of his benefactor's productions. He cried his pamphlets by the title of a new novel, as he had been directed, and, for some time, had no custom; but one of his books having been purchased and examined, the rest met with a most rapid sale, and the blind man returned homewards with his pockets well loaded. His pleasant ideas were, however, soon checked, by his finding himself in the custody of an officer of the police, who told him that the book which he had sold was a most virulent and impudent satire against a person of rank. The poor blind man protested his innocence, and told his tale, which, luckily for him, was believed; but he could give no information which could lead to the contriver of this very ingenious and new way of spreading abroad scandal with impunity.

The present age, far from encou-

raging obsolete defamation, seems rather to indulge in the opposite extreme. Sir John Falstaff has found an ingenious advocate, to affirm that cowardice never formed a part of his character. Richard III, tyrant as he was, has not been without a friend, who has exhausted the powers of every engine, which wit and reading could supply, to set his character and his back straight: and volumes upon volumes are written, to prove the immaculate purity of Mary, queen of Scots.

JULIA GONZAGA.

THE story of Julia Gonzaga is well known. Her exquisite and far-famed beauty tempted a corsair to fit out a small squadron, and to land near her castle, in order to make himself master of so rich a prize. A domestic burst into her room, while the pirates were actually scaling her walls, and snatching her, naked as she was, from her bed, conveyed her on horse-back out of the reach of the assailants. When they had gained a place of security, the lady's high sense of modesty obliged her to cause her honest, although perhaps indelicate, preserver, to be assassinated. Thus much is always told; but it is very little known, although certainly true, that during their flight from the castle, the fugitives fell in with one of those roving parties of banditti, which Italy, in those days, abounded with. This paragon of beauty was, a full week, detained by the band of outlaws, before she had leave to pursue her journey, and to execute her plan of vengeance on her deliverer. Had she been honoured by a La Fontaine for her historian, her adventures might perhaps have eclipsed those of the princess of Garbes. Possibly she might not be sorry to be rid of one who had been a witness to the hospitality of her late entertainers.

VARIETIES OF SUPERSTITION.

IT is amusing to notice the various forms which superstition has assumed among mankind. The ancients adopted a very peculiar method of pacifying the wandering spirits of such as had been slain by treachery. The murderer never thought himself safe from being haunted by the spectre of the person whom he had killed, until he had cut off the feet, the hands, the nose, and the ears from the slaughtered corpse, and hung them to his own neck, or under his arm-pits. This appears from the Greek scholiasts on Sophocles, Æschylus, &c. Deiphobus, the husband of Helena, was probably treated in this way, which accounts for the uncouth appearance which he made before Æneas, in the shades.

.....Lacerum crudeliter ora,
Ora, manusque ambos, populataque tempora, raptis
Auribus, & truncas, in honesta vulnere nares.

And this naturally introduces the Roman method of getting rid of those troublesome nocturnal visitors, the Lemures, so named from a transversion of the word Remus, who was said to have haunted his brother and murderer, Romulus. On this account the hag-ridden prince instituted a festival, called Lemuria, to appease the unquiet dead. The haunted person was to rise at midnight, and to walk barefooted, silently, only making a small noise with his thumb and finger, to keep the disturbed spirit at some distance. He then must wash his hands three times, in spring water, and fill his mouth with beans, which he was to throw behind him, for the spectre, who watched his motions, to pick up; he was, at the same time, to pronounce, "With these beans I redeem me and mine," without turning back his head..... Then, after one more ablution, after striking a vessel of brass, and

after adjuring the ghost, nine several times, by name, to depart, he might turn his head, and the ceremony was ended.

It should seem that a person who had resolution enough to pass through a form so very alarming, must have too firm a mind to give any credit to such childish, expiatory ceremonies.

In what manner are we to account for the difference between that noble wildness found in the tales of superstition, handed down to us by our Celtic ancestors, and the uninteresting insipidity of all the ghost and witch stories, which the latter ages have produced? Perhaps the cause may be found in that universal allowance of preternatural visitations, which, in former times, pervaded every rank of society, and, of course, encouraged the greatest and most fanciful wits of the time to busy themselves in inventing and recounting picturesque relations, while, in modern days, since the belief of such events has been confined wholly to the ignorant, the poor, and the superannuated, neither genius nor imagination are at hand to raise the tale one degree above a white sheet, or a pair of saucer-eyes, nor to supply the spectre with any language more expressive than that of scratching, knocking, or fluttering.

Let us, for example's sake, recount one, out of a hundred stories, told by the ancient northern writers. Asuithus and Asmundus were heroes and companions in arms.... They had fought and conquered together during many years, and their friendship was spoken of as a pattern to the warriors of the north. At length the one, after a desperate conflict, was slain in battle. The survivor, after causing a spacious vault to be constructed for his friend's body, and, after having seen his arms, his horse, and his favourite dog, as was the mode of the times, placed within his reach, besides a large store of provisions, entered the cavern, armed as he was, and, in consequence of a mutual vow which had passed between them, insisted on being closed in with his deceased comrade. The orders of such a man were not to be disputed. The soldiers walled up the opening of the vault, heaped over the whole the usual mound of earth, and departed, lamenting the loss of two such leaders.

It chanced that, a century afterwards, Eric, a Swedish prince, marching with his army near the scene of this awful event, was incited, by the hopes of finding some vast treasure, to violate this asylum of the dead. His pioneers instantly levelled the hillock, and the arch of the vault soon gave way; when, instead of the expected solemn stillness of a tomb, the ghastly figure of the surviving hero rushed forth, all covered with blood, and deprived of half his visage.

The tale he told to the Norwegian was frightful as his own appearance. "As soon," he said, "as the tomb had been closed, a hungry and cruel spirit had taken possession of the body of his slaughtered friend, and had, without ceasing a moment, employed all the force and arms of the deceased, in order to conquer and devour the buried survivor..... He added, that the spectre had so far prevailed, as to have feasted on the horse, the dog, and half the face of the wretched narrator, but that he had, at length, by the exertion of his old prowess, overpowered the spectre, and beheaded and buried the possessed carcase."

Here the story ends, and, perhaps, one of the most singular parts of it is, that it was told to the Norwegian prince in extempore verse. A circumstance which, in the mouth of a man who had been one hundred years fighting with a goblin, and who had but half a face left, seems uncommon. But such effusions of poetry were usual, in former ages, in all remarkable occurrences. The modern vampire has strong traces of descent from the above quoted gothic phantom.

Thus we are told by Matthew Paris, that as Gilbert Folliot, afterwards bishop of London, was, one

night, revolving in his head certain points in politics, a science to which he had a stronger turn than to divinity, he was most fearfully interrupted in his meditation by Satan, who, with an unpleasant tone of voice, thus accosted him in rhyme: "O Gilberte Folliot!....Dum revolvis tot & tot....Deus tuus est Astarot." To whom the unterrified priest replied with greater presence of mind than civility, "Mentiris, Dæmon! Qui est Deus....Sabboath, est *ille* meus."

Near the abbey of Clairvaux, in Switzerland, there is a tradition, that an evil spirit lies beneath a mountain, enchained by St. Bernard; and the smiths of that neighbourhood, when they go to work in the morning, always think it their duty to strike three strokes on their anvils, to rivet his fetters.

This infernal being deserves much less compassion than those industrious phantoms, who, according to a reputable tradition, are still to be heard near a southern cliff in Wales, constantly employed in hammering on the brazen wall, which Merlin intended for the defence of Britain. But the heedless enchanter having, after he had set them to work, been decoyed by the lady of the lake, into a perpetual confinement, the poor spirits still continued their unavailing labour, and must hammer on till Merlin regains his freedom.

Should a glass-house fire be kept up, without extinction, for a longer term than seven years, there is no doubt but that a salamander would be generated in the cinders. This very rational idea is much more generally credited than wise men would readily believe.

In a folio book, of some price, we meet the following receipt:

How to make a Basiliske.

"I deny not," quoth the author, "but a living creature may be generated, that shall poison one by seeing and touching, as if it were a basilick. But take heed, you that try to produce this creature, that you do not endanger yourself, which, I think, may easily come to pass. Infuse fruitful eggs where you have a liquid moisture of arsenic, or serpents' poison, and other deadly things, and let the eggs lie therein for some days; set them under hens that do cluck, but shake them not in your hands, lest you destroy the mischief sought for. There is no greater cause to be found to produce divers monsters, than by eggs."

No man ever gave into popular and superstitious prejudices more readily than the otherwise ingenious and entertaining antiquarian, John Aubrey. His method of relation was always quaint, and sometimes too general, as in the following instance:

"Anno 1670, not far from Cirencester, was an apparition. Being demanded whether a good spirit or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared, with a curious perfume, and most melodious twang."

The annals of France report, that, in 793, there fell out an uncommon scarcity; the ears of corn were all void of substance, and strange preternatural beings were heard in the air, proclaiming themselves to be demons, who had ravaged the harvests, in order to revenge the clergy for the reluctance of the people as to the payment of tythes, which, in consequence of this diabolical interference, were ordered to be regularly discharged.

James I defines a necromancer to be the devil's master, and to command him by art. A witch, his servant, for whom he works by compact.

St. Augustine, treating of the resurrection, introduces, as an instance of the unaccountableness of some among the works of nature, a peculiar property belonging to the flesh of the peacock. This, he affirms, will never corrupt, although, from its colour and consistence, and from the species of food by which it is generated, one would suppose it at least as liable to putrefaction as any other kind of animal substance.

The learned Godwin, in his antiquities of the Jewish nation, fa-

vours us with the method of composing the teraphim, which were a species of image endued by magic art, with the power of prophesying. "The teraphim have spoken vanity." Zach. 10, 2. Rabbi Eliezer is quoted as the author.

Receipt for making the Teraphim.

"They killed a man that was a first born son, and wrung off his head, and seasoned it with salt and spices, and wrote upon a plate of gold, the name of an unclean spirit, and put it under the head on a wall, and lighted candles before it, and worshipped it." With such as these, the rabbis assert that Laban spake.

Dr. Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," after repeating the old prophetic proverb,

"When our lady falls in our lord's lap,
Then let England beware a mishap,"

and after bringing fifteen instances of singular misfortunes, which have happened to England, when such a conjunction of feasts has occurred, warns the next generation to beware of what may fall out in the year 1722. Happily that year is past, and probably another like era, without any signal misfortune happening to the kingdom.

ON THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

IT seems strange that a passion for the arts should have been often made a pretext for the most exquisite barbarity. The story of Giotto and his dying Christ, is within every one's reading: that of Parrhasius, the Athenian painter, which seems to have been Giotto's model, is not so well known. When Philip of Macedon had taken Olynthus, and consigned the inhabitants to slavery, Parrhasias, who had resided in the Macedonian camp, walking among the ruins of the place, was struck with the exquisite expression of sorrow which agonized the features of an old captive, a man of some rank, whose children had been just torn from him, and exposed to public sale. He purchased him immediately, carried him to Athens, and, whilst he made the wretched Olynthian perish under every torment which art could inflict, he drew, from the writhings of his tortured frame, a Prometheus under the beak and talons of the vulture, which was allowed to be a masterpiece of art. If any circumstance could add to the horrors of this story, it is, that Olynthus had actually suffered in the cause of the very city in which Parrhasius acted this detestable scene of cruelty. The piece was given by the artist to the temple of Minerva, in Athens; and Seneca coolly argues the point, whether it ought to have been received.

An act of greater inhumanity has seldom been perpetrated than that of the cardinal of Lorraine, who, being at the head of the council, under Francis II, and finding the avenues of Fontainebleau thronged with wounded officers, and with the widows of such as had lost their lives in the king's service, had the brutality to erect a gibbet, "in order to get rid of the beggars," as he expressed himself, and, by sound of trumpet, proclaimed, that whosoever of the petitioners should not be gone, within twenty-four hours, should be executed, without mercy, upon the same.

The same age, however, produced instances of cruelty almost beyond belief, and, from their abundance, it seems they did not strike the minds of men with that degree of horror which they would raise at a milder period. Coconnas, an Italian of rank, having been executed in the reign of Henry III, of France, on suspicion of treason, the king rendered him the following public testimony of his character. "Coconnas was brave enough, but he was one of the wickedest fellows in my realm. I have often heard him boast of having, at the massacre of St. Barthelemy, purchased upwards of thirty Huguenots out of the hands

of their enemies, merely for the sake of killing them in a more cruel method. He began with making them renounce their religion, and then he tortured them to death, by slow degrees." To this eulogium the tender-hearted prince added.... "I never *liked* Coconnas *thoroughly* after I knew this story, and am not sorry for the end to which he has brought himself."

All is not inhumanity which goes under that name. It is true, the effect is the same to the sufferers, but the motive is less detestable.

The cook-maid, who weeps at a tale of woe, although, as a poet sings....

"All the while she skins live eels,"

is by no means to be blamed for inconsistency. The same tenderness which makes her weep at a melancholy narrative, would interest her in favour of the wretches whom she tortures, were but any one kind enough to reason with her, on a barbarity, in which she is hardened by custom, and to acquaint her that, by putting the animal's head in boiling water, she might shorten its pains.

"They be used to it," was the reply made by a thoughtless fair one, to a friend who began an argument on the subject.

The drayman who cruelly lashes the poor animals trusted to his care, thinks himself only chastising them for their perverseness. For, ridiculous as it may appear, there is no doubt but he believes that they *might* comprehend all he says to them if they pleased. Listen to a carter, who thinks himself not over-heard; he will talk to his fore-horse; he will give his orders to him in a language which he thinks very intelligible. The horse turns this and that way, but unhappily cannot hit the right species of obedience. Then the driver, after, with the strictest impartiality, blasting the horse's eyes and limbs, and his own too, begins to use his whip, and actually believes himself only chastizing an obdurate rebel. These mistaken men ought surely not to be punished merely for doing what appears to them to be just. No, they should be sent to some Bridewell, as to a school, there they should be ordered in the Latin language to perform some task, and should be heartily flogged, not for idleness, but for not comprehending the directions of their teachers.

When a boy, I was charmed with the tricks which an itinerant rat catcher had taught to a beautiful white ferret. "But what mean those bloody marks round his mouth?" "Why, that is where I sows up his chaps, that he ma'ant bite the rabbits in their berrys." "How can you be so barbarous," I cried, "to so tame, and so lovely an animal?" "Laud, master, a' likes it. A' will hold up his chaps to be sewed!"

That species of cruelty which has given occasion to so many elegant effusions of poetry, has scarcely ever been more beautifully lamented than by the celebrated Buchanan, in the following epigram:

Illa, mihi semper presenti, dura, Neæra,
Me quoties absum, semper abesse dolet.
Non desiderio nostri, non mœret amore,
Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

THE merry sin of drunkenness has met with so many, not only apologists, but even panegyrists, that every thing which can now be said on the subject must have been long anticipated. That most poets should have ranged themselves under the banner of Bacchus cannot be wondered at. Their jovial and easy manners suit well with those of *his* worshippers. Anacreon, who was one of the heartiest friends to the cause, after describing the elevation of spirit which his wine had blessed him with....

πατῶ δ' απαντα θυμῳ,

I kick the world before me,

proceeds to make a very simple excuse for losing his senses by too much liquor....

Μεθυοντα γαρ με χρεισθαι·
Πολυ κρεισσων η θανοντα.

I'd rather die to revive again, than to die for good and all.

Horace, who did every thing with grace, makes an elegant eulogium on wine, in the 21st ode of his 3d book, and in his epistles, in order completely to unite poetry with drinking, after having denied all possibility of fame to water-drinking bards, he intimates that the muses themselves had no objection to good liquor.

" Vina fere dulces oluerunt manè Camenæ."

The muses themselves betray their tippling by their morning breath.

Many philosophers have defended tippling. Even Seneca carries his complacency so far, as to advise men of high-strained minds to get drunk now and then....

" Non ut mergat nos, sed ut deprimat."

Not to stupify but only to relieve us.

He adds, afterwards, Do you call Cato's excess in wine a vice? Much sooner may you be able to prove drunkenness a virtue than Cato to be vicious.

The grave Lucretius must have been pretty well acquainted with good liquor, to have so perfectly described its effects.

——" Cum vini vis penetravit.
Consequitur gravitus membrorum, præpediuntur
Crura vacillante, tardescit lingua, madet mens,
Nant oculi, clamor, singultus, jurgia gliscunt."

When once their pates with wine are fraught,
Their limbs begin to totter,
Their speech is check'd, confus'd each thought,
Each passion, too, grows hotter;
With fluttering tongue, and staring eye,
They hiccup mutual wrath and obloquy.

The humorous French philosopher, Montaigne, adduces a thousand arguments in favour of wine, although he professes himself not to be attached to it. " Lucius Piso," he remarks, from Seneca, " and Cornelius Cossus, were successively entrusted with secrets of the utmost importance, the first by Augustus, the other by Tiberius. These they were never known to betray, although each was noted for such excess in wine, as to have been carried from the senate-house, repeatedly, in a state which we should call dead-drunk."

" Hesterno inflatum venas, de more Lyæo."

VIRGIL.

The Germans always loved the pleasures of Bacchus: it was one of them, either the celebrated Daniel Heinsius, or Petros Paganus, poetical professor, at Marpourg, in Hesse, according to Duchat, that was the author of a well-known comic distich, which attempts to stutter and stagger like its author.

" Sta, pes! Sta, mi pes! Sta, pes! Ne labere, mi pes!
" Ni steteris, lapides hi, mihi lectus erint."

Which may be thus attempted in English....

" How you totter, good feet! Have a care of my bones!
" If you fail me, I pass all the night on these stones."

One might presume that the Zaporavian Cossacks were truly addicted to the pleasures of the table, since their chief magistrate, chosen by themselves, is not, as Bell informs us, called their prince, or duke, or general, but cashavar, which literally signifies chief cook.

Were honest Howel's remedy against the love of drinking effectual, it might be of service to the

world to repeat it. But although its success be doubtful, its oddity may entertain. "The German mothers, to make their sons fall into hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put owls' eggs into a cup of rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which, twingling in the wine, while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor, and have an antipathy to wine, all their lives after."

The following passage is quoted from Hollingshead: "As for drink, it is not usually set on the table in pots or cruses, but each one calleth for a cup of such as he listeth to have, or as necessity urgeth him, so that when he hath tasted of it, he delivereth his cup again to some one of the standers by, who, making it clean, restoreth it to the cupboard from whence he fetched the same. By this occasion much idling tippling is cut off."

It is singular that the same custom should still continue to distinguish the meals of the English from those of their neighbours, though perhaps not always with the effect mentioned in the last sentence.

It is true of late it has become the fashion to put wine on the table during meal time in England, but it has not long been introduced, and the custom is very far from being general.

The elegant, polished females bred in the court of Louis XIV, were far less scrupulous in point of temperance than we should readily believe, had we not so indisputable an evidence as the duchess of Orleans, Charlotte Elizabeth, in a letter dated May 21, 1716. "The duchess of Bourbon, daughter of madame de Montespan, can drink a vast deal without having her senses disordered. Her daughters wish to follow her example, but they have not heads strong enough to bear so much liquor." The editor of those letters remarks, that about this period, the practice of hard-drinking prevailed much among women of the best education and highest rank.

We shall close these illustrations with those laws of conviviality which Lipsius has handed down to the present age.

Vinum, purum, putum, puer infundito....,
A sumno ad imum, more majorum, bibunto....
Decem Cyathi, summa potio, sunto....
Musis nonum....Decumum Apollini libanto....
Dominan si quis habessit, indicium facito....
Rixæ, clamor, contentio, ad Thracas
Abligantor....Eorum vice, carmen
Aliudve quid musæum, proferunto.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

MORE than half the happiness of life depends on trifles: great events happen but seldom, and, when they occur, if unfortunate, every thing possible is done to mitigate their ill effects. Not so the chagrin produced from *trifles:* they do not appear of magnitude enough to engage the sympathy of others for you, and they teize away your comfort, corrode your temper, and destroy your ease. Only self-felt; at first sight, perhaps, it may seem absurd to say, that our happiness in general depends more upon trifles than events of magnitude, but this may easily be shown to be true.

Trifles occur every half hour, every minute, and, if they are of a galling irksome nature; if tinctured with the irritability of a husband or wife; with the peevishness of a parent; with the acrimonious jealousy of a sister; or the overbearing manners of a brother; our feelings will certainly be chafed and wounded; and the repeated stroke will as certainly undermine affection as the washing of the sea will undermine the bank against which it is continually dashing.

SUBSTANCE OF THE

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

November 19th, 1804.

REVENUE.

THE nett revenue, arising from duties on merchandise and tonnage, during 1802, amounted to ten millions one hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars. The nett revenue, from the same source, during 1803, amounted to eleven millions three hundred and six thousand dollars. The nett revenue, during the three first quarters of 1804, considerably exceeds that of the corresponding quarters of the year 1803. That branch of the revenue may, exclusively of the Mediterranean fund, be estimated at ten millions seven hundred and thirty thousand dollars, which is the average of the two years 1802 and 1803. The actual payments in the treasury, on account of those duties, during the year ending on the 30th September last, amount nearly to the same sum, and there is no reason to suppose that the receipts of the ensuing will fall short of those of last year.

The revenue from the sale of public lands is gradually encreasing. Exclusively of the September sales at Cincinnati, three hundred and fourteen thousand acres have been sold, during the year ending on the 30th of September last. The proceeds of these sales, purchasers being entitled to the discount allowed in case of prompt payment, would yield five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is believed that the receipts from that source will, for the ensuing year, exceed four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The permanent revenue of the United States may, therefore, including the duties on postage, and other small incidental branches, be computed at eleven millions two hundred thousand dollars.

And the payments in the treasury, during the year 1805, on account of the temporary duties which constitute the Mediterranean fund, are estimated at five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, making in the whole, for the probable receipts of that year, a sum of eleven millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. $ 11,750,000

EXPENDITURES.

The expences of the year 1805, defrayed out of that revenue, consist of

1. Eight millions for the principal and interest of the public debt, of which near three millions seven hundred thousand will be applicable to the discharge of the principal, and the residue to the payment of interest		8,000,000
2. For the civil department, and all domestic expences of a civil nature, including military pensions, light house and mint establishments, and the expence of surveying public lands		952,000
3. For the intercourse with foreign nations, including the payment of awards under the British treaty, and for Algiers		294,000
4. For the military and Indian departments		954,000
5. For the naval establishment	650,000	
Extraordinary expences of the last expedition against Tripoli, payable in 1805, and chargeable to the Mediterranean fund	590,000	
		1,240,000
Carried forward		11,440,000

Brought forward	11,440,000
6. Reserved out of the Mediterranean fund, for meeting extraordinary expences	100,000
Making - - - -	11,540,000
Deduct from - - -	11,750,000
Leaves - - - - -	210,000

MEDITERRANEAN FUND.

The value of merchandise, paying duties *ad valorem*, imported in 1802, amounts, after deducting the exportations of the same year, to thirty-one millions seven hundred and six thousand dollars. The value of the same, imported in 1803, amounts to thirty-four millions three hundred and seventy thousand dollars. The additional duty of two and a half per cent. constitutes the Mediterranean fund, and, calculated on the importations of two years, would yield annually eight hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars. But several articles, which, in 1802 and 1803, paid duties *ad valorem*, have since been charged with specific duties: the deduction on that account will not amount to fifty thousand dollars, and the proceeds of the additional duty may be computed at seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars; and for the eighteen months commencing on the 1st July, 1804, and ending on the 31st December, 1805, at one million one hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

The expences authorised by the act constituting the fund are,

1. For the navy, in addition to the annual appropriation of 650,000 dollars, viz.		
There had been advanced from the ordinary revenue, prior to the 30th September, 1804	350,000	
A further payment will be made before the 1st January, 1805, of	130,000	
To be paid during 1805, on account of this fund	590,000	
		1,070,000
2. Reserved for other extraordinary expences which may be incurred for the same object		100,000
		1,170,000

These duties began to operate on the 1st of July last; but as they are payable six, eight, nine, ten, and twelve months after importation, no part will be paid in the treasury in the present year, and a sum of only 550,000 dollars is expected to be received during the course of 1805. For that sum only credit has been taken in the estimate of receipts for that year, while a part of the 1,170,000 dollars, chargeable to the fund, has already been expended, and the rest is included in the preceding estimate of expences for 1805. The difference (620,000 dollars) will, at the end of next year, consist of outstanding bonds, payable in 1806; and, if the additional duty should cease at that time, that outstanding balance will, as collected, replace the sum advanced from the ordinary revenues, in anticipation of the proceeds of the fund; for it is hoped that the situation of the treasury will render it unnecessary to borrow on the credit of the fund.

BALANCE IN THE TREASURY.

The greater part of the balance of 5,860,981 dollars, 54 cents, which, on the 30th day of September, 1803, remained in the treasury, was then

considered as applicable to the payment of certain extraordinary demands. As no such payment has been made during last year, besides the first installment of 888,000 dollars, due to Great Britain, nor any other extraordinary expences been discharged than the advance of 850,000 dollars, in anticipation of the Mediterranean fund, the balance remaining in the treasury, on the 30th of September, 1804, still amounted to 4,882,225 dollars and 11 cents. That sum, with the surplus for 1805, the sum advanced to the Mediterranean fund, and the arrears of direct tax and internal revenue, may be sufficient to discharge the balance of 1,776,000 dollars due to Great Britain, the loan of 200,000 dollars to Maryland, and 2,000,000 dollars on account of American claims assumed by the French convention. As the greater part of these demands will be paid in 1805, the balance will not probably, at the end of that year, exceed the sum which it is always expedient to retain in the treasury.

PUBLIC DEBT.

The payments on account of the principal of the debt are, during the year ending on the 30th of September last		3,652,887 15
And are, during the three years and a half, commencing on the 1st day of April, 1801, and ending on the 30th September, 1804		13,576,881 86

During the same period, a new debt of thirteen millions of dollars has been created by the purchase of Louisiana, viz.

Six per cent. stock		11,250,000
Amount of American claims assumed by the convention, two millions thereof being already provided for, out of the surplus in the treasury		1,750,000
		13,000,000

Another view of the subject may be given in the following manner:

The balance in the treasury, on the 1st day of April, 1801	1,794,044 85	
And on the 30th of September, 1804	4,882,225 11	
Making		3,088,180 26
From which deducting (proceeds of sales of bank shares)		1,287,600
Leaves for encrease from ordinary revenue		1,800,580 26
From the 1st day of April, 1801, to the 30th September, 1804, the following debts contracted prior to that period have been discharged:		
1. On account of the domestic and foreign debt	13,576,891 86	
2. First installment to Great Britain, in pursuance of the treaty of 1794	888,000	
		14,464,891 86
Making		16,265,472 12
From which deduct		15,000,000
Being the purchase money of Louisiana, leaves difference in favour of the United States.		1,265,472 12

If the revenue during the ensuing year prove, as is probable, more productive than has been estimated, the surplus will be applied to pay 1,750,000 dollars, yet unprovided for, on account of American claims, and will so far diminish the amount of the loan authorized for that object.

Hence it appears, that the United States have, during three years and a half, ending on the 30th of September last, discharged a larger amount of the principal of their old debt than the whole amount of the new debt, created in consequence of the purchase of Louisiana; and that their existing and growing resources will, during the ensuing year, suffice, after defraying current expences, and paying more than 3,750,000 dollars, on account of the engagements resulting from the French and British conventions, to discharge near three millions and seven hundred thousand dollars of the principal of the public debt.

PUBLIC EXPENCES OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR 1805.

CIVIL list, including the civil expences of the territory of New Orleans	611,911	50
Miscellaneous expences	310,982	31
Intercourse with foreign nations	269,550	
Military establishment	942,992	48
Naval establishment, including 71,340 dollars, 76 cents, as an appropriation for the crew of the frigate Philadelphia	1,240,445	29

ESTIMATE.

Legislature, including stationary, printing, fuel, &c.	228,565	
Executive, president and vice president	30,000	
Department of state	27,304	
Treasury department	73,277	27
War department	29,450	
Naval department	21,170	
General post-office	11,360	
Compensations to loan-officers, &c.	26,250	
Surveyor general department	2,000	
south of Tenessee	3,200	
Officers of the mint	10,600	

GOVERNMENTS IN TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Territory of New Orleans	21,240	
Mississippi territory	5,500	
Indiana territory	5,500	
Valuation of lands, &c.	13,595	23
Miscellaneous	2,000	

JUDICIARY.

Chief justice and five associates	21,500	
Nineteen district judges	26,200	
District of Columbia	5,200	
Attorney general	3,000	
District attornies	3,400	
Marshals	1,600	
Expences of courts, &c.	4,000	
Light-house establishment	126,776	53

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

THE number of patients of the Philadelphia dispensary, from December 1, 1803, to December 1, 1804, is 2,129

Remaining since last year 60
Admitted since last year 2,069

Of whom cured	1,861	
Dead	96	
Relieved	49	
Removed	25	
Irregular	36	
Remaining	62	
		2,129

RECEIPT.

Balance in the treasury, December 20, 1803	606	31
Contributions and life subscriptions	965	
Legacy of W. Sheaff	342	
Ebenezer Cresson's legacy	133	33
A donation from G. Jones	400	82
One year's rent of the Dispensary cellar	80	
Balance due the treasurer	411	53
	$ 2938	99

EXPENDITURE.

House expences, medicines, and stationaries	1212	32
Apothecary's salary	266	67
Note discounted at bank	500	
Interest to Pennsylvania Hospital	160	
Principal due to do.	800	
	$ 2938	99

—

A map of Virginia, laid down from actual surveys, and the latest as well as most accurate observation, is now preparing by Mr. Madison, president of William and Mary college; a rough draft of which will, in the course of two or three weeks, be submitted to the inspection of the members of the general assembly of Virginia. The labour and expence attending the execution of this important work has been very great, and a considerable length of time has been employed in collecting the necessary materials. Every county, and most of the public roads, will be accurately delineated, and the whole work will be rendered so correct, as to merit the confidence and patronage of the public.

—

December 6. Was executed at Jacksonborough, South Carolina, pursuant to his sentence, James Harvey, for the murder of Richard Johnston. He was the overseer of Mr. Johnston, and in the most wanton, cold-blooded manner, without being even able to allege any injury received, or cause of enmity, did he decoy him out of his bed to his door, where he was lying in wait to shoot him.

—

12. About ten o'clock at night, a man dressed in sailor's apparel was found at the rear of the Exchange Coffee-house, Norfolk, frozen to death.

—

On the evening following, at Portsmouth, Virginia, a young man blew his brains out with a horse pistol.

—

New York, Dec. 18.

For many years past, New York has not witnessed a fire so extensive as that which, on the 18th of December, in the morning, dealt destruction to a valuable portion of the city. At an early hour, the flames burst with dreadful fury from the house, No. 104, Front-street, where the fire originated, and the adjacent buildings. The night was very cold, and at three o'clock very few persons had assembled; at four the bucket ranks were very imperfectly formed. At this time, owing

to the force of the wind, which blew fresh from the west, and the combustible nature of the houses, and especially of their contents, the flames were spreading with frightful and fatal haste. In the course of an hour, between twenty and thirty houses had become a prey to the fire, and, with regard to them, the engines were altogether unavailing. Great exertions were made to supply the engines; but as the water in the harbour was at ebb, and as the pumps and cisterns furnished a very small quantity, they were not served as the occasion required. The floating engine, however, stationed at a convenient spot, proved of essential benefit, and plentifully supplied the small engines in its immediate neighbourhood. The progress of the fire was in the direction of the gale; and as it commenced at 104, Front, it of course proceeded towards the Coffee-house-slip, involving in destruction almost every building situate in Front-street, and on the east side of Water-street, between Gouverneur's-alley and the slip. Meantime, the coals and brands, carried along by the wind, fell on the shipping in the wharf, and the houses on the opposite side, and thus the fire was communicated to a still greater extent. Fortunately, however, the vessels sustained no material damage, and the progress of the fire on this side of the wharf, after it had consumed a few wooden houses, was arrested.

About five o'clock in the morning the conflagration was at its height, and the general scene at this moment, as seen from the roof of the Tontine, was grand and awful. Forty houses wrapped in flame; columns of murky smoke ascending in thickening volumes, and sweeping before the wind; showers of red-hot embers scattering danger far and wide; the hiss of blazing timbers; the crash of falling walls; the busy stir of thousands, carrying furniture, serving water, and working engines; the melancholy appearance of women and children, driven from their homes, now involved in ruin; all conspired to fill the mind with horror. The destruction of property on this occasion has been immense. The value of goods destroyed is more than a million of dollars. Among other buildings, we have to mention the excellent fire-proof stores of Bailey and Bogert, and Joshua Jones, the office of the Morning Chronicle, and old Coffee-house.

The following is a list of the particular houses, owners, and occupants affected:

Seventeen buildings in Front-street.

One three story wood building, occupied by J. Sullivan, wholesale and retail grocer.

One three story wood building, occupied by M. Blake as a flax-seed warehouse.

One four story fire-proof building, occupied by J. D. Martin and W. R. Wheaton, merchants.

One two story wood building, occupied by D. Sullivan as a flax-seed warehouse.

One two story wood building, occupied by M. Ward.

Two four story fire-proof stores, occupied by Bailey and Bogert, commission merchants.

One three story wood store, occupied by J. Forbes.

One three story brick building, occupied by Mr. Shonnard, boarding-house.

One three story brick building, occupied by J. B. Kursheedt, merchant.

One three story brick building, occupied by J. Sullivan as a dwelling.

One small wood building, occupied by C. M'Carthy, grocer, where the fire is said to have begun.

One three story wood store, occupied by Hannah Russel, tobacconist.

One three story wood store, occupied by Roche and Betts, grocers.

One three story wood store, occupied by A. Ogilvie, grocer.

One three story wood store, occupied by W. Bradbury, grocer.

One three story wood store, owned and occupied by J. Brier, tobacconist.

Twelve houses in Wall-street.

One wooden three story building, occupied by Steddiford and Marschalk as an auction store, and by Mr. Gavister, retail grocer.

One small brick building, occupied by J. Place as a dwelling and retail grocery.

One two story wooden building, occupied by Byrne and Smith as an auction store.

One two story brick building, owned and occupied by Mr. Post as an office.

One three story brick building, occupied by E. Backus and Co., auctioneers.

One small brick building, occupied by Mr. Hyde, watch maker, and owned by the widow Douglass.

One two story wooden building, occupied by Mr. Cavener, and owned by J. Jones.

One two story wooden building, occupied by Mr. Fisher, and owned by J. Jones.

One three story brick building, occupied by Mr. Petit, and owned by J. Rathbone.

One two story brick building, occupied by Mrs. Berry, and owned by the estate of W. Bruce.

One brick three story building, occupied by Mrs. Wentworth, and owned by the estate of commodore Nicholson.

One two story wooden building, occupied by H. J. Hassey, hair-dresser, and owned by W. Bingham.

Four buildings on Jones's wharf.

One three story wooden building, occupied as a wholesale grocery by J. Jones.

One three story wooden building, occupied by H. Norton, commission merchant.

One three story wooden building, occupied by Gen. Gibbs and W. Seabury, commission merchants.

One three story wooden building, occupied by J. A. Robinson, wholesale grocer, and owned by John Jones.

Eight three story brick buildings in Water-street.

Old coffee-house, occupied by Edward Barden, owned by the widow of G. Douglass.

One dwelling, owned and occupied by James Patterson.

One occupied by J. H. Hurton as a grocery, and by B. Baily as a dwelling, owned by captain Maxwell.

One owned and occupied by Isaac Gomez, jun. and Say and Noah, auctioneers.

One occupied by H. Wylie as a wholesale dry good store, owned by the widow Hallet.

One occupied as a printing office, by the Morning Chronicle, and by Mr. Wilkey, pilot, owned by M. Price.

One occupied by captain Story, owned by widow Stocker.

One occupied by captain Curtis, owned by the estate of I. Governeur.

The following list is an estimate of the value of the buildings, exclusive of the property they contained:

FRONT-STREET.

Brick houses occupied by		
	G. Shonnard	3000
	I. B. Kursheedt	3500
	J. Sullivan	4000
Wood store	C. M'Carty	1800
	H. Russel	1600
	Roche and Betts	1800
	A. Ogilvie	1300
	W. Bradbury	1400
	J. Bryar	1800
	J. M'Gaviston	2200
Brick and wood store		
	J. Jones	4500
Wood store	J. Forbes	1300
Brick store	Baily & Bogert	12000
Wood store	W. Ward	1400
	Carried forward	41600

Brought forward	41600
Wood store D. Sullivan	1800
J. Jones	1800
Brick store owned by J. Jones	5000
Wood store occupied by V. Blake	1800
J. Sullivan	1800
Total	53800

WALL-STREET.

Wood store occupied by J. A. Robertson } owned	1900
N. Horton } by	1800
J. Jones } J. Jones	1800
Steddiford & Marschalk	1800
Small house occupied by J. Place	300
Brick and wood house Byrne and Smith	1600
H. Maddin	1600
D. I. Daniels	1800
owned by widow Douglass	600
Total	13200

WATER-STREET.

Old coffee-house (brick) occupied by E. Bardin	7500
Brick house owned by J. B. Patterson	5000
Do. do. B. Bailey	6000
Do. do. owned and occupied by I. Gomez, jun.	4500
Do. occupied by Henry Wylie	4500
Do. do. Morning Chronicle	4000
Do. do. owned by widow Stocker	4000
Do. occupied by C. Curtis	2200
Water-street	39700
Wall-street	13200
Front-street	53800
Grand total	$ 106700

—

Captain Lewis had reached, on the 19th of August, 800 miles up the Missouri. He had met with no accident, and had been received in a very friendly way by all the Indians. It is expected he will winter 1300 miles up the river, among the Mandan Indians, about lat. 48.

—

New York, December.

A young man, of the name of Smith, a native of Ireland, and who was on the eve of sailing for that country, went a sleighing with a party of his friends, when the horses by some means taking fright, he was thrown out of the vehicle, and had his neck broken. He was a young man of fair character and respectable connections.

—

Philadelphia, Dec. 21.

At a stated meeting of the American Philosophical Society, the *Magellanic gold medal* was awarded to the author of an essay on *A Number of the Pernicious Insects of the United States;* and the sealed letter accompanying the essay being opened, Dr. B. S. Barton, of Philadelphia, was announced as the author of the crowned subject.

—

December 26. About two o'clock, P. M. a fire was discovered in a building back of No. 95, Mulberry-street, Philadelphia. From its confined situation, fears were excited for the contiguous property. Fortunately, there was a constant supply of Schuylkill water, which, together with the laudable exertions of the hose companies, afforded a copious stream immediately directed to the fire, which in half an hour was totally extinguished.

—

December 31. Conformably to the directions of the law incorporating the company for erecting a permanent bridge over the river Schuylkill, at or near the city of Philadelphia, public notice was this day given, that the bridge erected in virtue of that law, on the west end of High-street of said city, was com-

pleted, and on the first day of January, 1805, would be ready for passengers.

The above arduous, very ingenious, and singularly useful public improvement has long been anxiously desired, though success was frequently doubted by many of its real friends; it is, however, finally, through many formidable difficulties, brought to a happy conclusion. While it affords an incalculably valuable improvement, as well as a pattern for future similar undertakings, it exhibits a pleasing ornament to one of the most important approaches to the city. Every friend to the arts, and every intelligent mechanic, admires the correctness of the structure, the beauty and symmetry of the design, and the excellence of the workmanship.

—

The flour, butter, and lard, inspected in Baltimore, for the quarter ending the 31st day of December, 1804, amounted to

75,157	barrels wheat flour
2,632	half barrels do.
524	barrels rye flour
20	half barrels do.
162	barrels Indian meal
50	hhds. do.
2,495	kegs and firkins butter
396	do. do. lard

—

Newhaven, Con., Jan. 8.

On Wednesday morning last, at about half past two o'clock, a fire commenced in a store in Fleet-street, owned by Mr. Lent Hotchkiss, supposed to have been communicated from the stove. Before the alarm was given, the flames had made such progress, that all efforts were unavailing, except to save some of the property from the cellar of the building in which it originated, and also a part of the furniture contained in the adjoining dwelling, owned by J. Chatterton, and occupied by Mr. Daniels, baker, and Mr. Manice, tobacconist. The store, dwelling, and an old building belonging to Messrs. Atwater and Daggett, were consumed; and it is probably owing to the snow storm then prevailing, which protected the roofs of neighbouring houses, that we had not a far more extensive destruction of property; as flakes of fire were continually carried upon them by the wind, and the best exertions would have been scarcely sufficient to rescue them, unaided by this circumstance. The loss of property is considerable. The principal sufferers are Messrs. Hotchkiss and Chatterton.

On Thursday evening, about eleven o'clock, another alarm was made. The building in which the fire originated was situated on a lane between Fleet-street and Meadow-street, occupied as a stone-cutter's shop, and was consumed, without extending farther.

—

Philadelphia, Jan. 5.

Dr. B. S. Barton, one of the vice-presidents of the American Philosophical Society, having been appointed by the society to deliver a eulogium to the memory of their late associate, Dr. Joseph Priestley, the same was this day delivered in the first presbyterian church in Philadelphia, before the society, who went in a body from their hall to the church, preceded by their patron, the governor of the state. Invitations were given, on this occasion, to the rev. clergy of the city; the college of physicians; the medical society; the gentlemen of the bar, with the students of law; the trustees and faculty of the university of Pennsylvania, with the students in the arts and in medicine; the judges and officers of the federal and state courts; the foreign ministers, and other public characters then in the city; the mayor, aldermen, and city councils; the trustees and session of the first presbyterian church; the directors of the city library; the managers and physicians of the Pennsylvania hospital, of the almshouse, and of the dispensary; the proprietor and director of the Phi-

ladelphia museum; the contributors towards the cabinet and library of the society.

After the conclusion of a very interesting eulogium, the society returned their thanks to the orator, and requested a copy for the purpose of publication.

—

Providence, R. I., Jan. 9.

About sun-rise, fire was discovered in the paper-mills of S. Thurber, jun., at the north end. One building was consumed, with the chief of the stock and implements included. The loss is about 4000 dollars, but the property was in some proportion insured.

—

New York, Jan. 14.

As a ferry boat was passing over to Brooklyn, she got jammed between a field of ice and the ship Experiment, which was dropping down, and was upset. Fortunately no lives were lost, though it required considerable exertion on the part of the crew and passengers to save themselves, by laying hold of the rigging attached to the bow of the ship.

—

Philadelphia, Jan. 18.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock, P. M., a fire broke out in the rope and twine manufactory of Abraham Wolford, at the corner of Mulberry and Thirteenth-streets.

The place, adjoining the walk, was built with the intention of preserving hemp, in which there was a considerable quantity, and supposed to be secure from fire, by being cased with glass. One of the panes, however, being broken a few days before, and the wind, blowing through it, carried the spark under the hatchel, unperceived by Mr. Wolford, until the whole was nearly enveloped in flames. Mr. Wolford finding it impossible to make his escape out of the doors, they being fastened, he rushed up stairs, and precipitated himself out of the second story window, and fortunately reached the ground without breaking any of his limbs, but was considerably burnt. The loss sustained is supposed to be about seven hundred dollars.

—

Births and Deaths in Boston, dur- the month of December, 1804.

Births, both sexes,	83
Deaths, ditto	32

A view of the births and deaths, during the last six months, presents a difference in favour of the health of Boston, which few large cities can boast. This will appear more remarkable, if compared with the births and deaths of the southern cities.

Births during the last 6 months	526
Deaths	268

So that the births are about two to one of the deaths.—*Anthology.*

Unless the yellow fever be introduced, the deaths seldom exceed half the number of births, in the city of Philadelphia. If the legislature of Pennsylvania, now in session, would pass a law to compel a faithful register of the births and deaths, we have no doubt the result would effectually repress comparisons injurious to the reputation of that city.

—

Bill of Mortality for Newhaven, Connecticut, during 1804.

January	7
February	6
March	8
April	7
May	8
June	5
July	6
August	12
September	12
October	7
November	7
December	10
	95

Males	50
Females	45
Whites	83
Blacks	12
First society	22
United society	17
Episcopalians	35
Of neither society	14
Strangers	7

—

Bill of Mortality for New London, Connecticut, during 1804.

5	between 70	and 80	years
1	—— 60	— 70	
3	—— 50	— 60	
6	—— 40	— 50	
3	—— 30	— 40	
4	—— 20	— 30	
0	—— 10	— 20	
0	—— 3	— 10	
6	birth	— 3	

Males	10
Females	18
	28

Population, according to the census taken in 1801, two thousand nine hundred and thirty-one.

—

Deaths in the city of New York, from the 8th to the 15th December, 1804.

Adults 23, children 15; total 38.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	9
Between one and two	3
Between the age of 2 and 5	3
5 and 10	1
10 and 20	2
20 and 30	5
30 and 40	4
40 and 50	0
50 and 60	1
60 and 70	4
70 and 80	4
80 and 90	1
90 and 100	*1
Total	38

* A native of America, in her 94th year.

DISEASES.

Apoplexy	1
Asthma	1
Consumption	12
Convulsions	4
Debility	1
Decay	3
Dropsy	1
Dropsy in the head	2
Inflam. of the brain	1
Inflam. of the bowels	1
Old age	1
Rash	1
Small pox	4
Sore throat, malignant	1
Sprue	2
Suicide	1
Teething	1
Total	38

From the 15th to the 22d.

Adults 34, children 24; total 58.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	12
Between one and two	4
Between the age of 2 and 5	3
5 and 10	4
10 and 20	0
20 and 30	8
30 and 40	11
40 and 50	5
50 and 60	5
60 and 70	3
70 and 80	1
80 and 90	1
90 and 100	*1
Total	58

DISEASES.

Consumption	17
Convulsions	5
Debility	3
Decay	2
Dropsy	2
Epilepsy	1
Fever, typhus	1
Hæmoptysis, or spitting of blood	1

* A native of France, aged 93.

Hæmorrhage	2
Hives	7
Old age	1
Palsy	1
Pleurisy	1
Small pox	8
Sore throat, putrid	1
Sprue	1
Still born	1
Sudden death	1
Syphilis	1
Teething	1
Total	58

From the 22d to the 29th.

Adults 14, children 19; total 33.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	7
Between one and two	3
Between the age of 2 and 5	6
5 and 10	3
10 and 20	0
20 and 30	4
30 and 40	1
40 and 50	2
50 and 60	1
60 and 70	2
70 and 80	1
80 and 90	2
90 and 100	1
Total	33

DISEASES.

Cold	1
Consumption	6
Convulsions	4
Debility	1
Dropsy	1
Dropsy in the head	1
Fever, nervous	1
Fever, scarlet	1
Hives	1
Inflammation	1
Inflammation of the lungs	1
Old age	2
Peripneumony	1
Phthisis	1
Quinsey	1
St. Anthony's fire	1
Small pox	7
Still born	1
Total	33

From the 29th of December to the 5th of January.

Adults 26, children 16; total 42.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	5
Between one and two	6
Between the age of 2 and 5	4
5 and 10	1
10 and 20	1
20 and 30	5
30 and 40	4
40 and 50	7
50 and 60	4
60 and 70	5
70 and 80	0
80 and 90	0
90 and 100	0
Total	42

DISEASES.

Casualties	2
Child-bed	1
Consumption	9
Convulsions	6
Decay	3
Dropsy	4
Dysentery	1
Fever, typhus	1
Hives	1
Inflammation of the head	1
Inflammation of the stomach	1
Lethargy	1
Locked jaw	1
Lunacy	1
Peripneumony	1
Pleurisy	1
Small pox	6
Worms	1
Total	42

From the 5th to the 12th.

Adults 24, children 16; total 40.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	8
Between one and two	4
Between the age of 2 and 5	2
5 and 10	0

Between the age of 10 and 20	1
20 and 30	8
30 and 40	7
40 and 50	2
50 and 60	2
60 and 70	5
70 and 80	0
80 and 90	1
90 and 100	0
Total	40

DISEASES.

Abscess	1
Asthma	1
Casualty	1
Consumption	5
Convulsions	6
Croup	1
Debility	1
Decay	2
Diarrhœa	1
Dropsy	1
Fever, nervous	1
Fever, typhus	3
Frost bitten	1
Hives	3
Locked jaw	1
Old age	1
Pleurisy	2
Small pox	3
Still born	5
Total	40

Meteorological observations, made in the garden of the Alms-house, New York, from the 8th December, 1804, to the 11th January, 1805, inclusive.

December.	*Thermometer.* Sun rise.	2 P. M.	Sun set.	*Barometer.* Sun rise.	2 P. M.	Sun set.
8	38	35	34	29 33	29 42	29 45
9	25	33	32	29 38	29 30	29 29
10	25	29	27	29 45	29 60	29 65
11	28	26	31	29 60	29 60	29 60
12	27	27	23	29 55	29 57	29 60
13	16	26	20	29 78	29 90	29 90
14	18	22	21	29 95	29 90	29 90
15	27	30	31	29 70	29 60	29 58
16	38	37	32	29 72		
17	20	24	22			
18	16	27	30			
19	15	23	19			
20	8	19	18			
21	24	27	20			
22	27	32	30			
23	22	33	32			
24	30	37	35			
25	29	38	33			
26	20	33	30			
27	47	37	35	29 00	28 90	29 52
28				29 45	29 50	29 50
29	32	39	43	29 40	28 90	28 75
30	31	29	27	29 05	29 30	29 90
31	25	31	29	29 65	29 65	29 70
Jan.						
1	18	28	25	29 80	29 65	29 60
2	20	27	25	29 35	29 50	29 50
3	23	35	33	29 50	29 35	29 35
4	14	10	6	29 40	29 58	29 70
5	16	16	17	29 57	29 35	29 35
6	11	20	18	29 90	30 00	30 05
7	17	23	25	29 85	29 55	29 50
8	23	29	22	29 75	29 85	29 90
9	33	33	32	29 60	29 45	29 40
10	32	26	25	29 80	29 80	29 75
11	22	25	19	29 95	30 10	30 15

WIND AND WEATHER.

December 8th, NNW. cloudy. N. cloudy. do. hazy.

9. NE. fair. NNE. cloudy. do. hail.

10. NW. fair. do. do. WNW.

11. W. cloudy. do. do. WNW. do.

12. E. snow. NE. do. do. N. cloudy.

13. NW. cloudy. WNW. fair. NW. do.

14. ENE. cloudy. do. do. do. do.

15. NE. snow. N. sleet. do.

16. W. fair. do. do. do. hail.

17. W. fair. do. do. WNW. do.

18. W. cloudy. do. fair. WNW. do.
19. W. fair. do. do. do. do.
20. NE. fair. do. do. do. do.
21 NE. cloudy. N. cloudy. NE. snow.
22. N. fair. do. do.
23. N. fair. NNE. cloudy. do. do.
24. NW. snow. NNE. cloudy. do. do.
25. NW. clear. do. fair. do. do.
26. W. clear. do. fair. WNW. do.
27. SSW. rain. W. hail. do. cloudy.
28. W. fair. do. do. do. clear.
29. SE. snow. E. rain. SE. hazy.
30. WNW. cloudy. do. do. do. do.
31. W. clear. do. cloudy. do. do.
1805.
January 1. W. clear. do. cloudy. do. do.
2. WNW. cloudy. do. fair. do. do.
3. W. cloudy. SSW. fair. S. fair.
4. NW. fair. do. do. do. do.
5. NW. cloudy. W. cloudy, snow. W. cloudy.
6. NNW. clear. WSW. clear. NW. clear.
7. W. cloudy. WSW. rain and sleet. WSW. rain.
8. WNW. clear. N. cloudy. NE. clear.
9. E. hard rain. SW. rain. SW. hazy.
10. NNE. cloudy. NE. snow. do. do.
11. N. fair. NW. fair. do. do.

RAIN GUAGE.

	Inches.
December 8	.7
27	1.50
29	.50
January 9	1.80
10	10.35

SNOW.

December 24, 9 inches on a level.
January 1 and 2, 8
3, 1
10, 7

MARRIAGES.

AT Baltimore, Alexander Hazlehurst, Esq., to Miss Frances Purviance, daughter of Robert Purviance, Esq., all of that city.

At Philadelphia, Mr. A. Snyder, printer, to Miss Margaret Wial, of that city.

December 13, at Abingdon, Pennsylvania, Mr. Joseph Ely, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann Wilson, only daughter of Mr. Oliver Wilson, of Bristol township.

19. At Philadelphia, Mr. George Ritter to Miss Ann Wilt, both of this city.

20. At Philadelphia, Mr. Nathan Pawling to Miss Priscilla Thomas, of East-town, Chester county, Pennsylvania.

20. At Philadelphia, Mr. John Turner, to Miss Ann M'Leod, daughter of Mr. John M'Leod, merchant, of Southwark.

20. Mr. James Cooper, of Woodbury, to Miss Barbary Wilks, of Philadelphia.

26. Mr. Caleb Cobourn to Miss Ann Dizer, of Chester township, Delaware county.

26. Mr. Jacob Creemer, of Wilmington, Delaware, to Miss Sarah Hunt, of Philadelphia.

27. At Rahway, New Jersey, Christopher Marshall, jun. of Philadelphia, to Phœbe Shotwell, jun., of that place.

January 9. At Philadelphia, Mr. William J. Baker to Miss Margaretta Wager, daughter of Philip Wager, Esq., of Philadelphia.

9. At Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Mr. Charles S. Sewel, of the eastern shore of Maryland, to the amiable Miss Ann Catharine Keag, of that place.

17. At Philadelphia, Thomas B. Zantzinger, Esq., to Miss Sheaff, daughter of the late Mr. William Sheaff, all of Philadelphia.

—

DEATHS.

AT Middletown, Pennsylvania, a negro man, named Jack, the proper-

ty of colonel W. Chambers, aged about one hundred and sixteen years.

At Norwich, Connecticut Mr. Samuel Brown, aged ninety years..... He was the first owner of a chaise in the town of Norwich, and was prosecuted, in those early days, for a breach of the Sabbath, and fined for riding in his carriage on a Sunday, to attend public worship.

At Louisa county, Virginia, John Woodger. He wanted about three weeks of ninety years. He was a native of Virginia; plain and temperate in his diet, and his constant drink, for many years, was hard cyder. He never took a doze of physic, nor had a vein opened in his life. He was remarkable for scrupulous honesty; plain and blunt in his manners, he had some oddities, but none that ever injured his neighbour; a warm friend and indulgent master. By mere economy he saved a handsome property. It is supposed that, at his death, he owed no man a dollar.

December 19. At Philadelphia, of a consumption, Mr. Thomas Dalton, printer, a native of Canada, but, for some time past, resident in Philadelphia.

19. Mrs. Margaret Swift, the wife of Joseph Swift, Esq., who, for many years, was a respectable merchant in Philadelphia. Her remains were decently interred in Christ's church burial ground, attended to the grave by her numerous relatives. On these occasions the partial pens of friends too frequently delineate virtues and perfections which never belonged to the deceased; but, in the present instance, we can declare, with the utmost truth, that the conduct of Mrs. Swift, during a long life of seventy-five years, has been highly meritorious and exemplary.

20. At Chester county, Pennsylvania, Richard Humpton, adjutant-general. He was a native of the west of England, and entered very early into the military profession, in which he distinguished himself as a gallant soldier.

20. In the Pennsylvania hospital, John Kennedy. His death was occasioned by a fall on the ice, in the street, on the 30th December; his leg was fractured in several pieces, and his head very much injured. He has left a wife and two children.

21. At Belmont, the seat of judge Peters, Mrs. Sarah Peters; a woman whom those who knew her best, loved her most; whose heart was the repository of all the virtues; whose person once united all the graces, and even at the age of fifty-two, retained an unusual share of loveliness; whose cheerfulness of disposition, elegance of manners, benevolence of mind, and purity of friendship, endeared her to every society in which she moved; but who, in the nearer relations of wife, and mother, and sister, shone with superior excellence; creating and concentering, in her domestic circle, all the felicity that, perhaps, human nature can obtain, and leaving, to the fond affections of her family, no other wish than that of perpetuity.

22. After a short indisposition, Mr. John Taylor, formerly a merchant, and for many years an inhahitant, of Philadelphia. As a member of the community, he was respectable and exemplary, and has left a numerous and amiable family of children long to lament a deprivation to them irreparable.

24. Mr. William Drew, merchant, in the forty-second year of his age. He was an inhabitant of Dover, state of Delaware. From a long establishment in business, he was known to a large circle of acquaintance, who sincerely regret his premature death. He was an honest man, a sincere friend, and a faithful companion; his last accents were spent in supplication to his Maker.

24. Mr. William Donally, aged twenty-seven years, a native of Ireland. His remains were interred with the honours of war, by the company of American blues, of which he was a member, and the first light infantry, commanded by captain Irwin.

26. At New York, Mr. Thomas

Gardner, merchant, one of the wealthiest inhabitants of that place.

28. At Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in the twenty-eighth year of her age, Mrs. Mary Huber, wife of Mr. John Huber, and daughter of the late Mr. John Hirst, sen., of Philadelphia, after a very lingering and painful illness, which she bore with that christian fortitude and resignation which gave her friends, in the midst of deep sorrow, unspeakable satisfaction. When her spirit took its flight, her body was not discovered to move, nor was there a sigh heard at its departure; a clear and indubitable evidence, that death was a friendly, welcome messenger, sent to waft her blessed spirit into the arms of her adorable Redeemer, where uninterrupted happiness reigns.

29. At Philadelphia, Mr. Jacob Anthony, musical instrument maker, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, of a nervous complaint. He was a German by birth, and resided in Philadelphia for more than forty years. His great skill in his own line of business, as well as in other branches of mechanism, his unaffected modesty, his inflexible honesty, and his sincere good will to all mankind, rendered him very much esteemed by all who knew him.

30. At Philadelphia, Mr. Thomas Nayler, of Sheffield, in England. He was a truly worthy man, and much regretted by his friends and acquaintance.

31. At Philadelphia, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, Elizabeth Fox, relict of the late Joseph Fox, Esq. The tenour of her life confers the best meed of eulogium, and her peaceful departure affords a flattering hope that her spirit hath gained an admission into the mansions of eternal rest.

January 4. At Philadelphia, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Ann Abercrombie, wife of the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, a lady deservedly beloved, and justly lamented, by all who knew her.

At New York, after a short illness, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, Mrs. Susan Stuyvesant, wife of P. G. Stuyvesant, Esq., and daughter of Thomas Barclay, Esq., the British consul general. The virtues and amiable qualities of this much beloved and deeply lamented lady occasions her loss to be deplored by her relations and friends with the most poignant grief.

9. At Philadelphia, Mr. Matthew Pratt, a respectable inhabitant of that place, aged seventy years and four months.

10. At Washington, James Gillespie, Esq., member of congress from the state of North Carolina.

15. At Philadelphia, after a short illness, Joseph Ogden, of that place, in the eighty-first year of his age.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN JANUARY.

Authors and publishers are requested to communicate notices of their works, post paid, and they will always be inserted, free of expence.

GUILTY or not Guilty, a comedy, by Dibdin.—D. Longworth, New York.

Sailor's Daughter, a comedy, by Cumberland.—D. Longworth, New York.

Hunter of the Alps.—D. Longworth, New York.

Shakspeare's Works, volume I, with the notes of Johnson and Stevens, revised and augmented by Isaac Reed.—H. Maxwell and T. S. Manning, 150 cents in boards.

Friendly Cautions to the Heads of Families and others, very necessary to be observed, in order to preserve health and long life, &c.—Humphreys, 87 cents.

A Defence of the Measures of the administration of Thomas Jefferson, by Curtius.—S. H. Smith, Washington city, 50 cents.

New York Term Reports, vol. 2, part 1.—Isaac Riley and Co., New York, 125 cents.